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FACE TO FACE.

BY MARY M. LEMON.

If my face could only promise that its color would remain,
If my heart were only certain it would hide the moment's pain,
I would meet you, and would greet you in the old familiar tone,
And naught should ever show you the wrong that you have done.

If my woman's soul were stronger, if my heart were not so true,
I should long have ceased remembering the love I had for you,
But I dare not meet or greet thee, in the old familiar way,
Until we meet in Heaven, when tears have passed away.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

IF MABEL'S courage failed her as she approached the library door, she had no time to indulge in the weakness of hesitation, for, as she drew near it, one of the footmen waiting in the hall, advanced and, bowing low, opened the door and held the heavy eastern *portiere* aside for his mistress to enter.

And thus, a slight, white-clad figure, passing under the rich-hued silken folds of the curtain which fell behind her, Alick Holt saw her as she came towards him in the clear light of the June day, and often in the days to come he saw her in his mental vision as he saw her then.

She was dressed in white, with that extreme simplicity which some people wondered at in the wealthy Miss Hamilton, never suspecting for a moment that all Bell's personal expenses were defrayed from the income which was hers as Mabel Stanley, and that the wealth she had inherited was spent in the necessary expenses of the large establishment which Mrs. Hamilton had desired that she should keep up in the style in which she had lived: and in deeds of kindness and charity which the wealthy widow had never thought about in her easy, luxurious life, but which gave Bell the only gleams of happiness her life knew.

And, limiting her own expenditures to the sum which her own income entitled her to spend, there was no margin for dresses from Worth or bonnets from Madame Elise, and some of her rivals—unsuspected rivals they were truly, for Mabel's whole soul was wrapped in one motive, and she had no leisure for flirtation—sneered at her simple gowns, and called her stingy and mean.

But these were the women. Men, on the contrary, always admired her pretty picturesque garments, made so gracefully, fitting so perfectly a figure which would have adorned any dress, however ill-made, and always so extremely becoming. Among her mother's stores Bell had found, and as gifts from Mrs. Hamilton she possessed, a quantity of beautiful old lace, both black and white, which made the pretty simple gown even costly at times.

But this morning her pretty white cambric gown was simply trimmed with embroidery and soft, black silken ribbons, but it fitted to perfection, and, falling around her in long, soft folds, that showed all the lithe grace of her figure, borrowed, as gowns should, its grace from its wearer; and Alick Holt, looking at her with longing, sorrowful eyes, felt his heart leap within him as she came towards him.

Although the sun was coming in at the windows, there was a certain sombre look about the library of Miss Hamilton's beautiful house.

The windows were filled in with stained glass, so that the daylight came in tempered by the rich hues, and made patches of gorgeous color, like jewels, upon the dark floor and black, oak tables; the books that lined the walls were richly but soberly bound; the furniture was of dark oak, upholstered in deep, dark-green leather, unrelieved by any gilding; the turkey carpet also was dark and rich in hue. Against this dark background Mabel's pale loveliness and white gown stood out still paler and whiter. It seemed to the young man watching her as if she came into the room like a ray of sunshine in a dark place.

The girl's heart was beating fast and furiously, her eyes were bright with excitement; but, save this added lustre, there was no outward sign of the nervousness she undoubtedly felt.

Although she had spoken so confidently to Mrs. Fane, and had so decisively ridiculed any idea of suspicion in the young lawyer's mind, she had not felt the confidence she expressed. She felt that there was no reasonable cause for fear, but fear is not always to be reasoned away.

Besides, Mrs. Fane's terror had been too deeply rooted and too evidently sincere not to have a certain effect; that Dorcas had suffered terribly it was impossible not to see. She was not naturally a very impressionable woman; she was reserved, quiet, self-contained, feeling deeply but not finding vent for her feelings, as most women do, in words.

Such emotion as she had shown must have had some cause; she could not have been so excited, so tremulous, so terrified without some good ground; yet it was impossible, Bell told herself as she slowly moved towards her visitor, that he should suspect anything now; he, of all men, who, if he had been suspicious or distrustful, might have discovered the terrible secret she shared with Dorcas when it first existed.

She moved slowly forward, a little blush tingeing her reluctant cheeks, her eyes downcast. The room was a long and narrow one; Alick Holt was standing at the further end from the door, and suddenly it struck her that he had not come forward to meet her.

At the thought she started violently and lifted her beautiful lustrous eyes somewhat indignantly. They met his, fixed upon her, and in that one moment, in that one brief look, Bell learned the truth.

Dorcas was right, for he suspected; she, Mabel, was wrong, for he knew!

The certainty came upon her with a shock so great, so startling, that it proved to her how profound her disbelief of Dorcas Fane's assertion had been; and the very greatness of the shock gave her courage and calmness. After that one moment's hesitation—hesitation so slight that it escaped him entirely—she greeted him with her usual quiet grace, and it was he who was agitated, he who knew the guilt which lay at her door.

But if he knew it, his manner had resumed its usual courtesy as he touched, coldly indeed, the little hand which she put out to him; usually when they met he held that little hand as long as he dared; today he barely touched it, and released it without the slightest pressure.

"Good-morning, Mr. Holt," Bell said calmly.

"Good-morning, Miss Hamilton," the young lawyer answered, in a husky, constrained voice. "I must apologize for so early a call, but——"

"No apology is needed," she replied carelessly. "Will you not sit down?"

She pointed to a chair as she spoke, and sat down herself; calm as she was in outward semblance, she was trembling so violently in her inward terror that she could scarcely stand. Alick declined her offer of a seat with a slight bow, and stood leaning against the window-frame, his hat still held in his gloved hand.

Bell looked at him anxiously; after that one look he had not glanced at her, and stood, with his face addressed towards her certainly, but his eyes were downcast; she saw a strange change on his face, too, since she had seen him last. It bore what looked like the reflection of the pain on Dorcas Fane's countenance; he was pale, haggard, worn; he, too, looked as if he had suffered keenly.

A question sprang involuntarily to Bell's lips.

"Have you been ill?" she said earnestly; then with a sudden tremor in her low, sweet tones she added, "or have you been troubled?"

The settled gravity—or, more properly, sadness—on his face did not alter, nor did his eyes meet hers.

"I have not been ill," he replied quietly. "I have been a little worried, perhaps; but worry is inevitable in a man's life, I suppose."

Bell could not answer; her calmness had deserted her. He had suffered in his suspicion—he had suffered still more in the certainty of her sin!

He went on quietly, still keeping his eyes averted from her face:

"You had my message?" he said formally. "The person about whom you wished me to enquire is quite deserving of assistance. She is a widow with three children, and in very poor circumstances."

"Thank you," Bell said quietly; "I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken."

"It was no trouble," he answered wearily, and then silence fell between them.

The acquaintance between Bell Stanley and Alick Holt, begun so strangely in the Auberge du Cheval Blanc, at Dardignon, had grown into friendship since their return to England. They had become intimate during the journey home, of which Bell had but a very indistinct recollection, for she had been weak and ill, and broken down with grief at the death of her friend; but her chief recollection was of Alick Holt's thoughtful care and kindness, and she had grown to look upon him as her friend.

Since the return to England the friendship had deepened still more. Mr. Clark could not, even if he had wished to do so, decline to act as her legal adviser, and the old lawyer, vexed with her for being Mrs. Hamilton's heiress, yet liking her strangely well for her own sake, was glad to let his nephew relieve him of some of its duties; thus it chanced that the young heiress had seen a good deal of the young lawyer.

To Alick this had been a source of not unmixed delight. The impression the girl had made upon him when they met in the dying woman's room had been great and ineffaceable. Looking back at that time, Alick knew in his heart that he had loved her with his whole soul from the very moment he had lifted her in his arms, and felt the faint throb of her heart against his own.

And the love had increased with every hour since then, until it had grown into an absorbing passion, hopeless, since, however good Alick's prospects might be, they were not good enough to enable him to aspire to the hand of Miss Mabel Hamilton. If she had been still Miss Stanley, with a few hundreds a year, *pour tout potage*, it would have been a very different thing.

But it was not the hopelessness of his love—is love ever hopeless while the beloved one is disengaged and free?—which had brought the look of trouble to the lawyer's kind eyes as he stood in the library. It was the knowledge that this girl whom he loved so profoundly, and with such unselfish devotion, had been guilty of participation in a crime, which could have no other motive but greed of wealth. And it was this which held him silent and spell-bound in her presence now.

Where he stood, the light fell upon him, showing the pallor of his face, the worn and haggard look, the weary sadness of his eyes. Where Bell sat, she was in the shadow, but her white gown gleamed palely against the dark background of her high-backed chair.

They were both outwardly calm and composed—anyone entering the library would have seen nothing but an ordinary morning call: a handsome, well-dressed young man visiting a beautiful, white-clad girl—but in reality there was nothing commonplace about the interview. He knew that the girl before him, whom he had deemed so pure, and true, and faithful, was of the earth, earthy, and she knew that her secret was hers no longer, that he had discovered her guilt, that she was in his power, and she felt as the guilty criminal feels before the judge who is to condemn him.

But her self-control did not desert her. She sat calm, erect, queenly, as if the straight-backed oaken chair were a throne, looking at him with the sombre, lustrous, eyes which he dared not meet.

"You will be glad to hear that Miss Digby is better," she said quietly, breaking the silence in the most natural and commonplace manner.

"Miss Digby?" he repeated absently.

"Yes. Have you forgotten the young lady who fainted in Regent street the other day, just outside Ray's, and whom I brought home?"

"Yes, I had forgotten," he said rather stiffly. "I am glad she is better."

"She was very ill for a day or two—indeed, slightly delirious, when she recovered from her swoon. She is a governess, Mrs. Fane tells me, and she fainted from weakness induced by want of food. Is it not a sad, almost terrible story?"

She had spoken Dorcas Fane's name purposely, and she saw that his face changed slightly as he heard it.

"It is very sad," he replied, looking at her, and speaking slowly and as if with effort. "It is fortunate that she met with one so well able and willing to assist her."

Bell smiled.

"You think so? So does she, poor child. Yes, I am glad, very glad, that I have been able to assist her," she said quietly. "She is very pretty, too. By-and-by, when she is stronger, I hope to introduce her to you. You will be charmed, I am sure!"

"I am afraid it is a pleasure I am not likely to enjoy," the young lawyer said, with a faint smile.

She started slightly.

"Why not?" she asked quickly, looking at him.

He hesitated a little, then said calmly:

"I did not intrude upon you this morning just to ask if you had received my message. I felt quite sure that Mrs. Fane had given it to you. I came to bid you farewell. I am going away."

"Going away!" Bell echoed, in intense amazement. "You are going away?"

"Yes."

There was a minute's silence; Bell had put her hand to her heart as if she felt a sudden pang there. If Alick Holt had glanced at her then, he would have seen her intense pallor, and guessed what she felt, but he dared not look at her.

"What a solemn announcement!" she said, with a forced laugh. "I suppose you

are going away for a short time on business?"

"No," he answered quietly; "I am not going on business—I am going abroad."

"Abroad? Where? To Dordignon?"

The words broke from her unwillingly, almost unwittingly, and the moment they were uttered she would have given worlds to recall them. The young man's lips were pale as her own as he answered, forcing a smile:

"To Dordignon? Oh, no—what should take me there?" he asked, speaking as carelessly as he could. "I am going to Australia."

"To Australia?" she echoed helplessly.

"Yes. To Australia."

Bell sat silent and motionless, her brain in a whirl of bewilderment. What was the meaning of this sudden decision? Had it anything to do with her secret?

"Why are you going?" she asked, speaking the words as if forced to do so.

"I am tired of England," he said quietly; "I want to try the new world for a while."

"But your uncle? Your mother?" she exclaimed. "Surely they are not willing for you to take such a step?"

"My uncle"—he shrugged his shoulders with a forced half laugh—"is furious. My mother is broken-hearted," he added, in a lower tone, in which she detected the pain he could not quite disguise.

"And in spite of his anger and her sorrow you are going?" Bell asked reproachfully.

"Yes," he replied more firmly, "I must go; I cannot stay here."

"Is not your decision a sudden one?" the girl said, her voice low and unsteady, notwithstanding he efforts.

"Yes."

"When did you decide to go?"

"Last night!" he replied, and in the little silence which followed his words, their eyes met, and Bell saw that he was going away because he knew!

CHAPTER XVIII.

MABEL looked into Allck Holt's eyes, and read in them that he knew the secret her past life held, and that his knowledge was driving him from England. He shared her secret, and knew what she had done.

He knew what she had done, and that she had committed what the law of the land would call a crime, an action which, if it were made public, would drag her through the lowest degradation; and yet he was not going to betray her; he was going away without imparting the bitter, terrible truth; he was going to put the whole world between himself and the sinner, and yet he would not betray the sin!

For the first time that sin appeared to her in a different light than it had done hitherto. She did not question the righteousness of her vengeance, but she did question the means she had taken to obtain it.

Her sin had been brought home to her by the suffering on Allck Holt's face, by his self-imposed exile, more swiftly than any anger or reproaches could have brought it home to her. She knew that he was her friend, true, leal, to be trusted to the death; she guessed that his feeling for her was deeper than friendship, and yet he was going away, leaving her for ever because of that act which she half-an-hour previously had gloried in.

"What do you know?" she asked faintly, when she could speak.

She had not moved from her seat, and her little hands grasped the arms of her chair until they looked white as ivory in their bloodlessness.

The young lawyer made a strange, passionate gesture of pain and of denial.

"I know nothing," he said hoarsely. "I know nothing! What I suspect I will not breathe to any one, until you——"

She did not seem to hear him.

"Dorcas said you knew," she said dreamily. "But I did not believe her. Poor Dorcas!"

"I tell you I know nothing!" exclaimed he brokenly. "What I suspect is my own secret—it belongs to no one else. Heaven forgive me if I am wrong!" he went on unsteadily. "I cannot betray you until——"

"Until what?" she asked breathlessly, looking at him with sudden fear.

"Until you give me leave."

"I?" she said.

"Yes."

"That will be never," she said quietly. "What I did I consider justifiable and right. If you knew all you would say so also."

"Nothing; no knowledge, no assurance, could make me say so," he said very quietly, but with a bitter, hopeless sadness in his voice.

"Then you need know nothing more," she flashed, rising from her chair with a sudden, passionate movement. "If you condemn unheard——"

"Do I condemn?" he asked her gently. "Do I condemn? I, who love you with the one love my life will ever know?"

"Yet you are going away?"

"How can I stay?" he asked simply. "Ask yourself, Miss Hamilton? How can I stay without divulging this cruel suspicion, which has darkened my whole life?"

"When did you conceive the suspicion?" she asked, after a minute's pause.

"Yesterday."

"When you called here?"

"Yes."

"Dorcas was right, then," the girl murmured to herself. "Is it because of this that you are going away?" she asked then, looking at his troubled, haggard face.

"Because of this, and of——"

"Of what?" she queried, as he broke off.

"Of my love for you," he replied steadily, although his heart thrilled at the words as he uttered them.

"And knowing this," she said in a low tone, "you love me still?"

He smiled sadly.

"How can I help but love you?" he asked sorrowfully. "I loved you from the first moment I saw you in that accursed room! I loved you as I lifted you in my arms, and held you to my heart! You were not Miss Hamilton, the great heiress, to me then; you were alone—almost alone—in a strange country; ill, in sorrow; and I, though a stranger to you, was your natural protector. I did not understand your fainting then," he went on, "and that exclamation which you uttered just before you fell! I understand both now."

He had drawn nearer to her in his earnestness; he had even put his hand upon the back of the chair from which she had arisen; she heard him without interruption, but she was very pale.

"Do you remember that journey home?" he continued tremulously. "To you, poor tired child, it was all weariness and fatigue! To me, it was the very happiest time of my life! You were with me—under my care—I had a right to take care of you, to make the fatigue as little as I could; to be with you was happiness to me. And since then, we have been friends, have we not? I knew I could be nothing to you but a friend; that between the wealthy Miss Hamilton and [illegible] lawyer, even friendship, perhaps, was impossible; but circumstances had been unusual. My uncle was your father's friend, you permitted me to be yours; loving you as I did, how could I keep away from you when you allowed me to be near you? And," his voice failed him for a moment, and his last words were almost inaudible, "loving you as I do how can I help suffering at the terrible thought which struck me suddenly and forcibly yesterday?"

"Would it not be better to put the thought from you?" the girl said in a low voice, stirred to the inmost heart by his passionate words, so full of love, so full of sorrow. "May it not be that you have made a mistake? You have no grounds for your suspicion; you cannot know for certain. Is it right to judge without any proof? You, a lawyer, ought not to act upon impulse! Your judgment ought to be founded on facts, not on supposition."

He looked at her sadly.

"Will you tell me that what I fear is not true?" he said wearily. "If you will, I will believe you, and you will remove from my heart an almost intolerable weight!"

She hesitated. One little sentence would keep him by her side, and it was not only now she realised how much his departure meant to her; but with his sad, sorrowful gaze upon her, she could not say the words which should prove his suspicions false.

"How do I know what you suspect?" she said petulantly. "You deal in mysteries and enigmas this morning, Mr. Holt; I cannot be expected to unravel them."

The sadness in his eyes deepened.

"You understood the 'mystery' a few minutes since," he said hoarsely.

"Did I? I have grown obtuse since then," she replied. "Tell me in plain words what your suspicion is, and then I will see if I have any answer to it."

"Do you forget that I love you?" the young man said sadly, "and that, loving you, I could not force my lips to utter the suspicion which dishonors you? The very thought of it is humiliation, intense humiliation; the utterance of the thought would blister my lips. I could not speak the words to you."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Yet you deem me capable of the action," she said bitterly.

"What can I do?" he asked passionately. "All night long I have struggled against the suspicion, until my heart seems broken. It came upon me so suddenly, yet so strongly, that although my reason tells me that the thought is folly—that it cannot be true, something stronger than my reason says otherwise. I cannot put down the suspicion. I think, even if you told me it was not true, I should believe it—not you; and I have suffered an agony in my misery and distrust. If I am wrong, I dare not ask you to forgive me; if I am right—if I am right—Heaven help us both!"

A great sob choked his voice as he turned from her, and, throwing himself into a chair, crossed his arms upon its back and hid his face upon them. There was no pretence in his emotion. Bell saw and felt that it was sincere, that his suffering was intense.

His suffering at her sin!

But he did not know all. If he did—when he did, he would not think what they did so dreadful. It was only justice—not law, perhaps, but justice; it was not wrong!

And yet at this moment, as she stood there motionless, looking at the young man's bowed, dark head, on which a gleam of golden sunshine fell, all the arguments she had used to excuse that sin over which he mourned, in her interview with Dorcas, seemed false and deceitful, there was no real excuse for it.

"Let me tell you," she began gently. "Let me tell you the truth. It—it will not seem so dreadful then."

Clasping her little hands together she stood beside his chair, pale and beautiful, with a look on her face which was sorrowful and tender, like the look with which a guardian angel might look upon an erring or unhappy mortal who was her special charge.

He lifted his head disclosing a face as pale as death itself.

"Tell me nothing!" he said hastily. "Tell me nothing! I have no right to know. I am going away. After to-day, in all probability, we shall not meet again, and I need know nothing! The very suspicion seems to break my heart! How would the knowledge help me? It would only make my difficult part harder to play!"

"But you could betray me!" she said passionately. "Would not that relieve your conscience?"

He looked at her with a great reproach in his eyes. How cruel she was! She who had made him suffer this anguish was not content without adding to his suffering.

Bell's eyes fell before his at that sad look of unutterable reproach, her heart gave a great throb of pain. He was suffering so cruelly through her, through his love for her, yet she could not spare him. Out of her own cup of fierce petulant sorrow, and remorse, and pain, she gave him drink.

"And because the sight of me is so horrible to you, you are going away," she said bitterly. "You, whom I trusted as my one true friend; you, to whom I would have gone in any trouble or sorrow. Is that your friendship, your love? If you had really been my friend, if you had really loved me, you would have stayed within reach! What shall I do if this suspicion spread, without a friend at hand to help me?"

She said the words desperately, in a final attempt to win him to remain in England. She felt the apparent selfishness of the plea she advanced, but he, in his great love for her, did not see its egotism.

"Do you not see," he asked wearily, "that no suspicion can be aroused but mine, and that it is because I fear to divulge mine, that I am going away? If I were to be ill, delirious, it might be I could not control my speech, and I might say something that would arouse suspicion in the minds of others. As it is, you are perfectly safe."

"I will risk that," she said quickly, "if you will stay."

He looked at her suddenly; something in her face, some look, some fleeting expression made his heart throb almost to suffocation. He sprang to his feet and caught her hands in his.

"You care so much?" he said wildly, pressing the little chill hands to his beating heart.

Bell colored, and her lips quivered with a sudden little demure smile.

"I want to keep my friend," she said unsteadily, standing passive while he held her, but trembling a little, nevertheless.

"That will not do," he said firmly. "I have told you that I love you and I can no longer be your friend! You are all the world to me. Give me your love and I care for nothing else. I will find a way out of this dreadful difficulty. We will give Geoffrey Hamilton back his own, and we will be happy together. Oh, darling, listen, do not turn away from me! You cannot be happy with this dreadful secret always before you! You cannot enjoy this wealth to which you have no right! I am not a poor man, I can give you luxury and comfort. I will work hard for you. We shall be happy, never fear, we shall be happy."

There was something in his manner which compelled Bell to listen to him without interruption, although his words thrilled her with anger and pain, and sometimes akin to joy. It was true that he besought, but in his beseeching tones there was a ring of command; he spoke resolutely, as if he was in some way her master.

The girl felt what was indeed the truth, that it was his knowledge of her sin which gave him boldness to plead, nay, to demand, a favorable answer to his prayer. Had she not been tainted by sin he would not have dared, perhaps; it was that gave him courage.

If he married her he accepted her past, he shared her burden of guilt; nay, he would endeavor to remove it. Poor Allck Holt! He little knew the passionate nature—generous, loving, yet passionate, and distorted now by this mad desire for revenge—of the girl who stood there, pale as a lily, and motionless, listening to his words.

"You will be safe as my wife," he said earnestly. "You are so alone in the world, and the temptation was so great, and——"

She misunderstood the meaning. He meant the words to be a prayer; she took them to be a threat. She tore her hands from him with flashing eyes.

"Do you expect to obtain from my fear what my inclination denies you?" she said haughtily. "I am no coward, Mr. Holt! Do your worst! Prove your suspicion if you can, to the world! I am not afraid! Do you think I would marry you from fear? You suppose me to be in your power, but if I were, if you knew for a surety that I was the guilty woman you suspect me to be, do you think I would marry you to save myself from the chance of betrayal? If so you have made a very great mistake!"

He had dropped her hands; the glow of his great love for her died out of his face, leaving it pale as ashes. He stood back from her, proud and calm as herself.

"I have indeed been mistaken," he said haughtily. "Pardon me; I will not transgress again."

He was silent for a moment, then he went on—

"I have already trespassed too long upon your time," he said. "Even for a final visit, mine has prolonged itself to an unconscionable length. I will not detain you longer. Good-bye!"

He did not offer his hand or move towards her. With a low bow, he walked towards the door. She did not attempt to detain him, although her proud, dark eyes followed him with a look of regret and yearning softening their lustrous depths.

As he put his hand upon the door, he turned. He was still as pale as death, but he held his head erect, and his eyes met hers proudly and calmly. Never in his life had he looked so handsome, so manly, so worthy admiration and love as he looked then. A middle-class Englishman though he was, a lawyer himself and a son of a lawyer, there was that about him then which made him look like a knight of olden times, one of King Arthur's leal companions of the Round Table. Indignant as she was—mistrusting him, loving and hating him at one and the same moment—the girl he was leaving recognized this grandeur, and inwardly admired and honored it.

"Miss Hamilton," he said gently, but still coldly, "some day you will need a friend; when that day comes, think of me, and if you send for me, wherever I am, I will come. Forget what has passed between us to-day. If I have misjudged you, my own suffering is great enough to be my punishment, so, forgive me, and remember that while I live you have a friend who would spare nothing, himself least of all, in your service."

The words echoed sadly and softly in Bell's ear, as she stood with downcast eyes. When, at the sound of the closing door, she lifted them she was alone; for a moment she stood still, then, putting her hands wildly to her head, ran to the door.

As she put her hand upon the knob to open it, the heavy clang of the closing hall door startled her; she removed her hand and put it quickly to her side. She was too late—he was gone!

She stood motionless for a few minutes, struggling against the terrible sense of desolation which struck her at the moment, then, looking calm and graceful as ever, and holding her pretty dark head very erect, she passed out of the room, leaving it to the June sunshine which streamed in through the stained windows.

For a minute the sunbeams held sole possession, then from behind a heavy por-

tiere shading a door leading through the billiard-room beyond to a second staircase belonging to another wing of the great house, came a slight, yellow-haired girl in a pretty, fresh, white gown. She looked flushed, excited, almost exultant, as she stood for a moment in the library, looking about her.

Then, with a soft little laugh, she slipped past the *portiers*—behind which she had been hiding for the last half hour—into the billiard-room, and up the stairs to the pretty room where she had spent the last few days as Mabel's guest, and, locking the door after her, she sat down, breathless and panting a little from her run, to think over what she had just heard, and to wonder and conjecture about the skeleton in Miss Hamilton's cupboard.

And this girl was she whom Bell had rescued from want and hunger—Grace Digby!

CHAPTER XIX.

"MR. GEOFFREY HAMILTON is in the drawing-room, ma'am."

It was the afternoon of the same day, and Bell was alone in her pretty sitting-room when this announcement, which she had been expecting for some little time, was made.

As the servant held the door open for her to pass out, he saw that there was a bright flush upon her face and a bright lustre in her dark eyes, which made him suppose that Mr. Hamilton's visit was not an unpleasant event; and he mentioned this supposition to his fellow-servant a few minutes later, as they lounged in the stately, marble-paved hall, and they agreed that it would be a capital thing for Mr. Geoffrey, and that he would make a very good master: since they must have a master, they would as soon have him as anyone else.

There was not the faintest trace in Bell's manner of the repugnance she felt as, in the stately drawing-room, with its satin and lace hangings, and costly furniture, she greeted her visitor. She gave him her little hand with the most perfect grace and even eagerness; she smiled at him with a little, bewildering smile which made the young man's heart beat quickly. She was altogether a different person from the grave, pale woman who had met Alick Holt a few hours before.

Yet if the young man whom she so charmed could have guessed the thoughts that were in her heart, the thrill of abhorrence which ran through her as she remembered that it was the hand that had given Lina her death-blow, the hand that had written the letter which had stabbed her to the heart!

Her interview with Alick Holt had left Bell in a strange condition of mind—reckless, desperate, more determined than ever to encompass her meditated revenge.

She was too confused, too thoroughly unhappy to be able to think calmly, but she felt that since he had guessed the secret of her own heart and Dorcas Fane's, others might know it, too, and it behoved her to make her vengeance sure and as quickly as possible.

If she could make Geoffrey Hamilton care for her, and so suffer the pangs of unrequited love, the rest would not matter, she thought. Let her obtain this the one ruling motive of her life, and she would be content.

"After that, the deluge!" she had thought recklessly in the solitude of her own room. When this duty was performed, she could go back to the White House and die. Oh, thank Heaven, the Stanleys all died young!

A cleverer, more observant man than Geoffrey Hamilton might easily have been deceived by her manner and pretty cordiality, even if he were not bewildered, as the young artist was, by her beauty.

Pauline, at her fairest, could not have been lovelier than her sister was to-day. She wore a dress of soft white silk clinging around her exquisite figure, which was so fine yet so slender and so prettily rounded; the falling lace at her throat left its white column bare: the graceful little head with its haughty carriage, the lovely face with its glorious eyes so full of latent passion and sorrow, and the vivid scarlet of the sweet lips, made up a loveliness uncommon in England, with its milk and roses types of beauty, and all the more attractive from its very rarity.

"I have been expecting you, Mr. Hamilton," she said, as he relinquished her hand, and she sank down in the prettiest attitude of unconscious grace in a low seat, and motioned him to a chair near her. "I began to fear you would not come."

"To fear!" the young man echoed, smiling. "Ah, you are laughing at me, Miss Hamilton."

"No, I am quite serious," she said, looking at him smilingly, and furling and unfurling a large black fan she held. "I thought perhaps you were too angry with me to come."

"Too angry?" he echoed, in utter amazement.

"Yes, too angry," she replied; "because through me, you know, you have to play the part of Desdichado, the disinherited knight."

The young man flushed slightly, then he grew somewhat pale. He did not answer her for a moment, and she looked at him keenly, as he sat silent, his eyes bent upon the floor.

He was a handsome fellow, but even in the first shock of seeing him on the previous evening, Bell had been conscious of a feeling of surprise at his appearance. He did not look to her like the man she would have fancied Pauline's choice to be.

He was about the medium height, slightly built—almost effeminate, indeed—with large, clear blue eyes, a carefully-tended moustache, and he wore his fair hair much longer than the arbitrary fashion of the day allowed. His manner, too, appeared perfectly frank, honest, and simple, and Bell thought to herself how deceptive appearances were, for he certainly looked incapable of penning that cruel letter which was carefully locked in the secret drawer of her own dressing case up-stairs.

There was something almost noble in the frank simplicity of the young painter as he answered her half laughing, half serious remark.

"I think it would be useless for me to deny that Mrs. Hamilton's will was a disappointment to me," he said quietly, "for though I never expected to inherit a large share of her wealth, I did think she would have remembered me, and I felt hurt and pained at such an entire neglect. But even if I wished," he went on gently, "I could not resent your heiress-ship; I had no right, and,"—and he looked at her with frank admiration—"since I have seen you I am glad to think that her wealth is yours."

"You are very generous," Bell said with a sneer which the young man perceived; but the next moment, looking at her fair smiling face, he thought he had fancied it. "Tell me something about yourself, Mr. Hamilton, I cannot look upon you as a stranger, you know," she added, with a pretty friendly air. You live in London, do you not?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have a studio at Queen's Walk, Chelsea, which I share with a friend. I wonder if——"

"If——?" she queried, smiling as she paused.

"If you would honor us with a visit! My friend Leclerc is really a very good artist, and perhaps you have never been at a studio like ours. It is not a grand studio," he went on, smiling, "with Cairene carvings, and palm-trees, and wonderful sandal-wood doors, and so on, like the R. A.'s studios, which you probably have seen, so perhaps it would have the charm of novelty for you."

"I should like to see your studio," Bell said, slowly, as a footman entered with tea, which he placed on a little table near her. "Do you,"—she turned to the table as she spoke, and so partly concealed her face from him—"paint portraits or landscapes?"

"Oh! portraits chiefly," he replied, modestly. "Leclerc goes in for landscapes, but I do very little in that way. You see," he went on, speaking with the eager simplicity which had struck her already—"portraits pay better, and——"

He stopped abruptly, coloring hotly. He had almost told her that that was the chief consideration with him, when he recalled that but for her he might not have been obliged to consider this at all.

Bell, although she did not glance at him, guessed what he had suppressed, as she poured out the fragrant Russian tea into the little egg-shell china cups.

"I think portrait painting must be far more interesting than landscapes," she said, giving him one of the little cups with her pretty, friendly grace. "It must be so disheartening to paint scenery, and sunrises, and sunsets which can never be anything like the originals; but portraits are really like, sometimes."

"Qualified praise," Geoffrey Hamilton said, smiling, thinking how much he would like to paint the fair face of his fair hostess, and how difficult it would be to do her justice.

"Well, very few portraits are really like," she said carelessly, although her face softened at the thought of the lovely, lifelike picture of her sister, which was her greatest treasure; "but, since you are a portrait painter, Mr. Hamilton, will you paint my portrait?"

Even in her abhorrence of him, which was so great that the very sight of him was hateful to her, she felt a strange, vague sort of pity at the sight of his pleasure and delight at the proposal, which had been dictated solely by the calculation that such a proceeding would give her greater opportunities for fulfilling her desperate purpose than she might otherwise find.

During her sittings she might ask questions and discover his past life; she might even take some opportunity of speaking of Chagford and Dingle, and mentioning her sister, to see if he still remembered the girl he had feigned to love, and whom his desertion had killed.

As the time wore on, and the young painters visit drew to a close, she felt her wonderment at her sister's love for him increase with every moment. He was so utterly different to the man her imagination had pictured as her sister's lover that when he left her she sat bewildered, thinking of him, his appearance and manner.

"I suppose it was his very simplicity which deceived her," Mabel said wearily. "She thought he was what he seems to be. I should have thought so also if I had not known! He is a good actor, a very good actor, but he will find me as good an actress, I think! He has not a simple, loving, true-hearted girl to deal with now, but a woman who knows him for what he is, and who will go on, notwithstanding opposition, unto the bitter end. And yet—and yet how I loathe myself for the part I am to play!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.—In the hurry and bustle of life we have often thought that far too little notice is taken by us of the opinions of others. There is so much to be accomplished, and the day for life's work is so short, that we seem to have little or no time to regard with thoughtful and gentle deference the views of others when as often happens, they differ widely from our own.

In this respect, if history may be relied upon, the "former days were better than these," for then old and young alike listened with quiet courtesy to the opinions of others, and did not advance their own views in the self assertive and dogmatic manner of the present day.

Now, we must to a certain extent believe in ourselves, if we aim at accomplishing any good work or at being of any real service in the world. Having, after thoughtful consideration, decided that this or that is the right course to pursue, we must take the path we have chosen, and not allow ourselves to be unduly influenced by others who hold contrary opinions upon the subject.

There are points and questions we must decide and settle for ourselves, matters in which we alone are held responsible, and in which we cannot and dare not allow any interference; but these are the weightier and more important matters of life, and as a rule it is in the minor matters that we err most grievously.

There are certain fixed laws, to deny which would simply prove our ignorance, but around, and about, and beyond, there is a wide field of speculation open to all.

Now, with regard to this field of speculation, is it not a fact that while we tenaciously cling to and cherish our own pet theories with regard to this or that matter, we are very slow to acknowledge that those who see with other eyes than ours are quite as likely to arrive at just and right conclusions as we ourselves are!

It is perfectly right to form and hold an opinion on any topic of the day; but is it fair to imagine that our judgment must of necessity be right, and the opinions of others wrong, if they fail to coincide with our own.

Two friends may stand together on the summit of a mountain, and far away one will see a range of hills, and beyond these hills the restless ocean; but the other as he peers into the distance sees nothing but a dim, gray mist; and yet, unable though he may be to discern the object in the distance, he may see more quickly than his friend the fair but tiny blossoms that are blooming near them.

Now, mental vision differs as greatly as the physical; could we but fairly recognize this fact, we should show more regard to the feelings of others who claim that unto them as unto to us the truth has been revealed, but whose interpretation thereof is different from our own.

Often the views and theories advanced by others appear to us absurd and unpractical. Still, do not let us put them on one side as if unworthy of our attention, but let us deal with them honestly and fairly, seeking to see and find some good in everything, and in the spirit of Christian courtesy that ought to characterize our whole lives, let us "think and let think."

Bric-a-Brac.

OLD MAIDS.—An old maids' assurance company for young women has been started in Denmark. Spinsters can assure themselves by a small sum on attaining the age of thirteen, and, if still unmarried at forty, are entitled to a regular allowance. If they marry, however, they forfeit all claims.

STOPPING THE PLAGUE.—Fumigation is said to have originated with Acron, a physician of Agrigentum, who is said to have first caused great fires to be lighted and aromatics to be thrown into them to purify the air, and thus to have stopped the plague at Athens and other places in Greece about 473 B.C.

FISH AND HENS.—A curious custom of the Chinese in pisciculture is mentioned. They collect the eggs of fishes as they are found floating on the surface in rivers. These are placed in an empty egg-shell, and this is closed and put under a sitting hen with other eggs. When the chickens are hatched, the egg-shells containing the fish-spawn are emptied into the rivers when the water is heated by the sun, and the young fish soon thrive.

THE DANDELION.—The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are folded up so closely in their green coverings that they look like buds that have never yet been opened. There is one curious habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes, when it is very hot, shuts itself up as early as six o'clock in the morning.

THE EGG.—The statement of a learned German writer says: "The egg as a symbol of the resurrection of Jesus, who broke forth from the grave as a chicken from the shell, has been, from very ancient date, an Easter gift with Christians, who wish each other prosperity at the resurrection of the Saviour." The practice of dyeing Easter eggs is of uncertain origin; but it is very widely extended, and has been thought to to be derived from the Jews, whose Passover occurs at the same time as our Easter.

WRITTEN LANGUAGE.—Written language has always been a very mysterious thing to the savages since they first became aware of its existence. Sir John Lubbock, in writing of the savages of South America, says that on one occasion a native was sent by a missionary to a friend with a note and four loaves of bread. The native ate one on the way, and was amazed to find that the note discovered the theft. On the next occasion that he was sent with four he sat on the note while eating one of them.

A NOVEL WAY OF PAYING DEBTS.—A method of paying debts that isn't likely to become popular was resorted to by a Montana miner. He owed $48, and being short of cash, offered to allow his creditor to fire two pistol shots at him from a distance of 200 feet, if he would in return for the privilege forgive him of the debt. The arrangement was satisfactory, and at the shooting two bullets were landed in the poor debtor's body, but he was not dangerously injured, though it is likely more than the amount of the debt will be necessary to return him to his former healthy condition.

THE NURSE.—In Carniola the regular nurse relies upon strangers for the greater part of her profit. The baptismal party always goes from church to the nearest inn, and there she has a right to seize the hats of all the men she finds in the parlor if the hero of the day is a man-child, or to purloin any article of dress that the women lay aside if the new-comer has the misfortune to be born a girl. Things thus captured have to be redeemed by a small coin. The sum expected is not great; but it adds up, as the nurses say, and later on in the day the old lady generally smiles when she counts over her gains.

CIGAR-BOXES.—One of the notable things about a cigar-box is the number of marks on it of various kinds. There is the first brand, which is burned in the box, and means the name of the cigar; and the nomenclature of cigars, like that of race-horses, is extraordinarily copious. Then there is the mark, which is usually put on with a stencil-plate, which indicates the size—as "Regalias," "Conchas," "Petite," "Bouquets," or "Reina Victorias." Next is the mark which indicates the color—as "Claro," "Colorado," and "Maduro;" then the label, which gives the name of the maker or manufactory. And last there are the foreign Government stamps and brands which indicate the taxation. After these there is not much space left on the cigar-box.

THE CHOICE.

Wouldst choose a tranquil life, my friend,
Where one perpetual calm
Reigns o'er its bloom; o'er whose fair fields
Hangs odorous breath of balm?

Where no disturbing tempests sweep
Across its peaceful strand;
And softly glide in dreamless sleep
Unto the better land?

Or tidal waves, wild sweeping storms,
And fierce volcanic fires;
Long nights of pain preceding morns
Of unfulfilled desires.

A heavy numbing sense of grief
That will not leave the heart—
Ah, wouldst though thou choose such life e'en though
It were the better part?

Thou wouldst not choose, and y et such lot
May be thy very own;
The cross is set within the way
That leads up to the throne.

And storms will purify, while calms
Hold poison-laden air;
Long nights of grief and fires of pain
Make burdened souls more fair.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

OH, what can have happened?" cried Marvel, in terrible distress.

The answer to this was a loud knocking on the door beneath and the sound of a voice that thrilled through every nerve.

"It is Fulke!" said she, in a whisper that reached no one.

She felt as though she were going to faint, and sank down upon the stone seat near her.

Nigel Savage however thought of nothing; his prevailing feeling was one of unutterable relief.

He ran down the stone steps and hammered in turn against the door.

"Is that you, Wriothesley?" he cried. "Thank Heaven you have come! Feel for the key—it is on your side—and let us out."

He spoke with such heartfelt joy that Wriothesley could not but believe he was sincere.

He hardly dared to dwell upon the doubts that had haunted him as he ran through the woods; but that they had been of the darkest hue he knew now because of the intensity of the reaction he was enduring.

He turned the key in the door as desired, and stood silent upon the threshold.

"Lady Wriothesley, it is your husband. Come down!" cried Savage, in a quick eager tone that trembled with excitement.

It had not occurred to him to explain to Wriothesley, he thought only of the comfort her release would be to her.

She came down almost immediately; and, as she emerged into the windy night, and the few straggling moonbeams betrayed her to him, Wriothesley caught her hand and drew it within his arm.

"I am afraid I must ask you to hurry," he said, with icy politeness. "You have spent so much time over that old ruin that I fear we shall be late for dinner."

"For dinner? Is it not over?" asked Marvel, quaking. "It seemed, I mean——— What hour is it then?"

"Seven. We have a mile to walk, and half an hour to do it in; the other half I leave to dressing," said he grimly. "So, you see, you will have to make haste."

"Seven! I thought it was midnight," she said, with a little bursting sigh.

All her tears seemed gone from her now when she would have given a good deal for the relief of them, and, though her heart seemed bursting, she found no means to ease it.

Wriothesley took no notice of her words; he trudged on in an impenetrable dumbness that frightened her more than all the cutting speeches in the world could have done.

The wind still roared around them, the cold was intense, the way through the rough unused pathways almost unbearable; but he took no notice of anything, save that, when she stumbled, he clutched her arm more firmly.

He asked no questions whatsoever, and appeared quite dead to the fact that Savage walked beside them.

At last the latter could stand it no longer.

"I think it is as well," said he, as indifferently as he could, "that you should know how this unhappy delay occurred."

Wriothesley made no reply; he walked on, in fact, as though he neither heard nor saw the speaker.

"I have no doubt you are annoyed," said Savage quietly, keeping his temper—which was by no means a good one—by a superhuman effort. "But for Lady Wriothesley's sake it is just as well that you should know what happened. We went to look at that tower, found the door open, and went in very naturally to see what was there. Whilst upstairs, the door, driven by a gust of wind, slammed to; the bolt shot into its place, and left us prisoners. Had you not come, we should have been prisoners still."

Not a word from Wriothesley.

"You understand?"—from Savage, who began to feel that he would like to murder him.

"Entirely," said Wriothesly slowley.

"I regret very much that I have been the cause of considerable anxiety to Lady Wriothesley. It was quite my fault that we entered the tower at all. I hope"—stiffly—"that you will believe how very much I reproach myself in this matter."

"I understand that too, and also that your feelings on the subject are not of the slightest consequence!"

"It was not Mr. Savage's fault so much as he says," put in Marvel hurriedly, in a frightened, nervous tone. "I was the first to express a wish to see that old ruin; and, though he dissuaded me, and said how late it was, I persisted, and———"

"Nevertheless it was my fault," persisted Savage, rather unwisely defending her from herself. "I knew better than you did the time it would take to reach home, and I should have prevented any deviation from our path."

"Are you apologising for Lady Wriothesley?" asked Fulke suddenly, in a slow incisive tone that made Marvel's blood run cold.

Even Savage seemed impressed by it to an uncomfortable degree.

"Certainly not," he said, with considerable spirit. "Apology would be out of place for either her or me. An accident is an accident—no more, no less. I was only afraid that without a word from me you would not be able to grasp the real meaning of a very awkward situation. Lady Wriothesley too was afraid her absence might cause remark; and, of course I think it well you should know exactly how it was that she and I were——"

"Sir," interrupted Wriothesley, with indescribable hauteur, "pray spare yourself further explanation. The door shut to without asking Lady Wriothesley's permission, and so kept her prisoner against her will, as I am quite assured. It is altogether unnecessary that you should enter into details of any sort; the story begins and ends there. I am perfectly aware, without your seeking to impress upon me, that Lady Wriothesley of her own accord would never cause her friends anxiety!"

Nothing more was said after that. Wriothesley quickened his pace, and, Marvel's hand being drawn through his arm, she was compelled to hasten hers also.

She walked quickly, sometimes almost running, and stumbling over roots of trees that came in her way, sometimes after a little shock of this kind gasping for breath; but Wriothesley never seemed to mind.

He strode on in a violent determined fashion, and only once made her a speech, one that was hardly conciliatory, upon the haste he used.

"I am sorry to make you walk at such a rate," he said. "But, you see, when you squander time, you must regain it one way or another. This is rather a hard way, but it can't be helped."

At last the lights of Verulam came to her through the trees; and, frightened though she was at all that would inevitably await her within doors, she hailed their appearance with delight.

She was tired out, cold, almost frozen; and, besides, once there, she could get away from the terrible arm that held her tightly bound to the man she feared—and, alas, loved more than any other creature on earth!

How cruel he was to her, yet also how kind!

He had come to her rescue after all; and, though it was, as she believed, only a sense of duty that sent him forth, still duty was a noble thing, and those who regarded it should be held in honorable account.

They all three reached the steps and entered the Hall—the door lying wide open—without encountering any one.

Savage turned aside in the direction of the library, where he knew all would be assembled at that hour, and Marvel made direct for the staircase, hoping to escape to her room without a further lecture; but Wriothesley forestalled her.

"I should like to speak to you for a moment," he said, "if you will come in here?"

He did not leave it to her however to reject or accept his proposal, for he caught her hand as she hesitated, and drew her into the empty morning-room.

Marvel, with a little chill at her heart and feeling utterly unstrung, followed him.

When he had brought her into the room, he let her hand go, and, closing the door, looked hard at her.

"How long is this to go on?" he said, in a cold uncompromising tone.

"This! What?" asked she, rather confounded.

She expected a regular scolding for her misdemeanor of the afternoon, and this question, coming so suddenly, puzzled her.

"Your friendship with Mr. Savage!"

"Don't be angry with Nigel," she said earnestly, but timidly. "It was not his fault at all. Oh, yes"—putting up her hand as she saw him about to speak with a terrible accession of wrath upon his brow—"I know he said it was; but I assure you it was I alone who wanted to see that old tower. He tried even to keep me from going there, but it looked so quaint, so lovely in the twilight, that I could not resist it. And then the door closed as you know; and then"—growing agitated—"I thought we should be left there for ever; and, the time went on until I thought all hope was over; and then you came, and—— That was all indeed. It wasn't that I forgot the time; it was only that I couldn't get home; and I knew you would be angry. But, if you had been there yourself, you would have been in just the same plight, and—and ——"

She stopped dead short, as if choking—she was almost sobbing.

She was frightened, terrified, in fact, and her breath came quickly through her parted lips.

She had clasped her little slender hands upon her bosom, as though to still its beatings, and was so altogether and openly afraid of him that Wriothesley was cut to the heart.

"You need not look at me like that," he said; "I believe every word you say. There is no need to excuse yourself; the whole thing was unfortunate—no more."

He paused for a moment, and then, "I regret very much," he said, "that my presence causes you to feel such extreme nervousness."

He spoke so gently, if coldly, that Marvel, whose nerves were strung to the last pitch by all she had undergone during the afternoon, broke down and burst into tears.

"It is very good of you," she said sobbing rather wildly. "I am frightened because I thought you would be angry about it; and at one time there seemed no chance of ever getting out of that horrid place; and it was not my fault at all—it was nobody's fault. It was only that Nigel and I wanted to——"

"I know!" interrupted he, with a sudden stamp of the foot that was involuntary and full of ill-suppressed passion. "Do not talk any more about it; and, if I were you, I shouldn't cry about it either. There is dinner before you, remember; and all those women will be watching you."

"Oh, I can't come down to dinner!" she cried miserably. "To be stared at—wondered at—I will not! It would be quite different if you and I were as other married people—good friends, and that; but they all know how it is with us, and they will be talking of it—they have been talking, haven't they?"—turning round to him with wide, unhappy eyes.

"Whether they have or not is of little consequence. You must certainly come down to dinner," said he, with cold authority in his tone. "You have placed yourself in a false position, and all that is left to you now is to face and overcome it."

"If Cicely—— She might perhaps make an excuse for me!" faltered Marvel.

"Why should any excuse be made? Are you not well, strong?"—coldly. "No; it is quite out of the question."

"I am tired, unnerved. Surely——"

"For one who professes strongly to dread public discussion, I must say you have an odd way of showing it. If you absent yourself from dinner to-night there will be more of that 'talk' you seem to fear so greatly than any that has gone before. I should advise you, at all inconvenience, to show yourself to-night. In this one matter at least," said he bitterly, "permit me to judge for you."

She sighed submissively, and moved towards the door. She owed him obedience in this, she thought, if only on account of the way in which he had condoned her offence, which, however really innocent, had nevertheless caused him a good deal of annoyance. When she got to the door, however she paused and looked back at him.

"Do you think," she asked shyly, "that they will speak of it—will ask me to explain, I mean?"

"I have no doubt"—calmly—"that your friend Mr. Savage, having got into this scrape, will now do his best to get you out of it again. Probably he is doing the 'explaining' at this moment. You had better leave it all to him."

"But, if anything should be said, and she"—stammering—"Mrs. Scarlett—she ——"

"No one shall make you unhappy about it, if that is what you mean," said he shortly.

He frowned, yet, in spite of the anger he was feeling, a great pity for her arose in his heart—she looked so pale, so childish, standing there with a forlorn frightened look on her lovely face.

He remembered how she had seemed to him on that night at Lady Blaine's ball—a tall, slender, haughty creature who moved and looked as though the world was at her feet—that night when he had not known her.

But now it was all different; she stood there nervous, helpless; she seemed to have grown very young again through her fear, almost like the Marvel of long ago. How long ago it seemed now!

She was still trifling uncertainly with the handle of the door, as if eager to be gone, yet more eager still to say something before going that required a little courage in the utterance.

"Would you very much mind," she said at last, "being near, close to the drawing-room door when I come down, so that I could pretend to say something to you when I entered? It would take away some of the awkwardness."

"Not in the least. And I don't see why you need pretend either. You can," with a faint sneer, "make up a nice little speech for the occasion — something conjugal, loving, to deliver as your eyes meet mine."

"Well, so I could," said she, sighing disconsolately. The sneer had passed her by.

"Though I think you have hit on rather a bad plan. My presence is so plainly distasteful to you, and has so much the unfortunate effect of increasing your natural nervousness, that I would suggest your stationing somebody else beside the door, Savage, for example. You are evidently quite at home with him."

"Does that mean that you will not help me?" asked she, turning very pale.

"On the contrary, that I wish to help you."

"Do you know that you are very cruel, very unjust," said she, with quivering lips, "and," in a low tone, "what I did not believe you—ungenerous?"

"Ungenerous?" repeated he; as if stung.

"Yes; I am a little perplexed just now—a little at your mercy—and you make me feel it."

"Look here," said he impulsively, taking a step towards her, until he saw that she shrank backwards, when he stopped—"don't you think you have had enough of this sort of thing? You can't go on playing with fire for ever without getting scorched. To-night has awakened you to that fact. Will you give it up and come away with me to the North, to Ringwood, anywhere? I sha'n't be much in your way; I'll promise to keep out of it as far as I can. I would indeed do a good deal to put an end to this state of affairs."

"Go to that lonely place alone with you? Oh, no! Do not ask it!" she entreated, in a low but vehement tone. "Knowing all I do, it would be insupportable to me. You too would not be able to endure it. If there were love, it would be different, but—— Do not insist upon this, Fulke, I implore you. If you do"—with a miserable glance at him—"I shall break my heart."

"Well, don't do it just now, at all events," said he roughly, with a touch of open scorn. "There isn't any time for an exhibition of that sort. If you mean to change your gown for dinner, I'd advise you to do it at once;" and he turned on his heel and left her.

Marvel ran up the stairs quickly, fearful of being stopped and questioned. She had never in all her young life felt so utterly alone as she did at that moment.

She longed, yet feared to see Cicely, knowing that she would scold her; and, indeed, there was no one upon whom she could depend to sympathize and condole with her without the hateful preliminary lecture.

Oh, if he had but loved her—if she could only have thrown herself fearlessly upon his breast, and told him all with tears and caresses. Tears! Why, there would have been no tears had that been so—only laughing explanation of a ridiculous dilemma!

She sat in her room, cold and disconsolate, shrinking from the thought that presently she would have to summon her maid, although now barely a quarter of an hour remained for her in which to change her gown.

Again and again there returned to her that longing to fling herself into his embrace, to feel his dear arm round her, to be sure of a welcome there. If she were sure of that, she would care for nothing—no one would have the power to frighten her. But this sad feeling of utter loneliness——

His last scornful words, his last look, remained with her and chilled her to her very soul; and with it was the miserable knowledge that she had to go down-stairs presently and face them all.

Cicely would greet her with a dark reproach in her eyes. Lady Lucy would probably show her displeasure by a marked coldness. And there would be no one to help her; by Fulke's last words she felt certain he would not be at the door to help her to get over the almost childish nervousness she was sure to betray.

She rose with a little start and rang her bell, and Burton came hurrying in. Burton was a comfort certainly; she loved her honestly, neither for wage nor for favor, but because she had served her ever since she was a little girl, and openly believed her to be the sweetest thing on earth.

However it was, she was the apple of Burton's eye, who was herself an unspotable old maid, and very apt to regard with that greenish orb all other people with stern disfavor.

"Law, my lady, you'll be late!" she said, bustling about amongst Marvel's many gowns. "Ten minutes, and not even your walking-gown off! Which dress shall I lay out, my lady?"

"The prettiest, Burton—the most becoming," said Marvel, with sudden energy beginning to pull off the damp gown she still wore. "And, besides," thought the poor child feverishly, "as he is angry, it may make him a little less angry if I look my best."

So a white gown was chosen, and a few priceless pearls were twisted in her hair and round her soft, firm, lovely throat; and, with a brilliant gleam born of excitement in her large eyes and a face as pale as a snowdrop, she went downstairs to encounter the sneers and smothered smiles that she felt were awaiting her.

Oh, if she could only manage to keep out of Mrs. Scarlett's way!—for, after all, it was of her she was really afraid.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARVEL was wrong in her belief that Wriothesley would not come to her assistance.

He stood exactly inside the door as she entered it; and, as she glanced at him and paused in her surprise and agitation, he went up to her and pushed aside a chair that stood a little in her way.

"After all, you forgot to make up that speech," he said, with a half-amused smile.

She smiled back at him with tears in her eyes; she was at that moment passionately grateful to him.

But there was no time to say anything, for just then Lady Lucy laid a hand upon her arm, and Marvel, looking up apprehensively, saw that she was smiling.

"You're a happy young woman," she

said, with her usual carelessness of effect, but with a friendly glance. "Half the world spend a lifetime in trying to get themselves talked about, and you accomplish it in a few hours. Well, a nice fright you gave me! I was about to have the duck-pond dragged for your lifeless corse when Fulke brought you home. How pale you look, child! I hope you have not caught cold. Nigel has been giving a thrilling account of your incarceration; and I'm sure you must both have been frozen in that wretched old tower. Henry"—Lord Verulam—"is so annoyed about it! He is going to have that treacherous look taken off to-morrow."

At this Marvel plucked up courage, and began to find out that she had been exaggerating her own offence, and that no one regarded it half so seriously as she did.

Even Cicely, who always disapproved of her friendship for Nigel, only told her she was incorrigible, with a loving little laugh, when she found herself near her.

"Are you sure you felt no chill? What a miserable plight to be in!" she said excitedly.

There had been a good deal of talk about it over the tea-cups a while before, and later, when the truth was discovered.

Savage, who had sauntered in amongst them with an unconcerned air, had told his tale in an unvarnished fashion; and many had been the comments thereon.

Mrs. Dameron had been flippantly slanderous about it, Mr. Kitts a trifle amusing, though in a good-natured way.

To Dameron it had been merely a situation that might be worked up into a chapter in the novel that was soon to electrify the world.

Mrs. Scarlett had been eloquently silent, and Mrs. Geraint had grown suddenly intense, and had wondered in an emotional manner how the stars had looked as seen through those æsthetic openings in those grand old mediæval walls, whilst the storm rode high and the heavens were afire with electric light.

Dinner passed over without the slightest allusion to the event of the afternoon, and afterwards there was a good deal of music, and some chess and baccarat; and Marvel, who had recovered herself, and was feeling happier than usual in spite of all that had happened, began to think she had heard the last of what had been to her so sore an experience.

She had been talking to Mr. Kitts, and had just turned aside from him, meaning to cross the room to where Cicely stood, with Sir George as usual leaning over her chair, when a soft languid voice fell on her ears.

"So glad you have not suffered in any way through your little adventure of this evening!" said Mrs. Scarlett, smiling at her with the slow insolent smile that Marvel knew so well and dreaded so much. There was meaning in the smooth tones. "We missed you," she went on, and then paused. "For hours, I think. Were you locked up in that romantic old place with Mr. Savage for hours?"

"It seemed an eternity," replied Marvel, as calmly as she could, though her heart began to beat with unpleasant force.

Why did this woman hate her so? Some instinct taught her that the answer to that question lay hidden deeper down than in the popular one of jealousy.

"So long, and in such congenial society!" with the same cruel flickering smile.

Marvel looked round for some means of escape, but could see none; and she had sufficient pride to decline to run from her foe.

She turned her large earnest eyes upon her with a look full of melancholy entreaty but she said nothing.

There was always something about this woman, who never spared her taunt or gibe, that attracted and fascinated her as much as it repulsed her.

"It was your husband who unearthed you, was it not? Well, and how did he take it? Did he care?"

"Was there any reason why he should?" with a little hauteur. "He regretted the inconvenience to which I had been put, but further than that Lord Wriothesley did not, as you call it, care."

"No? How amiable of him!"

She leaned back a little and looked straight at Marvel over the top of her huge feather fan.

"That," she said deliberately, "is the comfort of having a husband who is entirely indifferent!"

Lady Wriothesley grew pale to the lips, and her clear eyes shone.

"There are moments when you forget yourself," she said very gently, but with unspeakable dignity.

Mrs. Scarlett stared at her coolly for a full minute, and then smiled in her swift languid way.

"Never! There you wrong me," she said, with perfect unconcern. "I never forget anything—myself least of all. Don't get incorrect notions about me into your head. And please don't stand there, dear Lady Wriothesley, looking as though you were quite eager to find a pretext to leave me; spare me a minute or two to amuse me with your little fiasco of this afternoon."

Marvel rejected her offer of a seat on the lounge beside her by a gracefully disdainful gesture of the hand, and was thinking eagerly of some last word to say before leaving her, when Wriothesley came up quickly to where she stood and laid his hand carelessly, but with all the appearance of good fellowship, upon her shoulder.

"You have been waiting for me perhaps?" he said, looking earnestly into her eyes. "But I assure you I could not come sooner."

She understood him, and flashed back at him an answering glance full of warmest gratitude.

She did not shrink from him; there was no access of nervousness in her manner because of his presence, at this moment at all events, as he noticed with a little throb of relief.

"And what have you two been talking about?" he went on pleasantly, glancing keenly from Mrs. Scarlett's impenetrable face, which yet was alight with mocking fire, to Marvel's, which was extremely pale.

That one glance enabled him to take in the situation.

"I was just entreating Lady Wriothesley to sit by me for a little and give me an account of her adventure," said Mrs. Scarlett suavely.

"What, a second edition? Surely you must be hard up for conversation!" said he, laughing. "Why, just before dinner I saw you listening attentively to Savage's description of it, which really was well worth the hearing. He should be congratulated on his style—so terse, so graphic. I assure you anything Lady Wriothesley could say would be tame in comparison. You will forgive me that detestable speech?"—with a courteous smile at his wife.

"Anything!" replied Marvel gratefully; and, with a slight salutation to Mrs. Scarlett, she crossed the room to where Cicely sat, with Sir George at her elbow.

Lord Wriothesley found a chair and seated himself beside Mrs. Scarlett with all the bearing of one who meant to stay for quite an indefinite period.

Mrs. Scarlett drew her skirts a little to one side to admit of his coming closer, and leaned towards him with her most fascinating smile.

"After all, Nigel Savage is not so clever as I believed him," she said, with a faint updrawing of her pencilled brows and a little shrug, and a glance to the opposite side of the room, where Savage stood smiling with apparent devotion at his companion. "That sudden devotion to Mrs. Dameron, that open avoidance of the other, is very poor indeed."

"Is it? I haven't studied it," said Wriothesley, with a rather amused smile. "Savage however appears to me to be rather poor all through. At the same time, I shouldn't, if I were you, try to make a romance out of a ludicrous incident. There doesn't seem to me to be the material for it."

"No? It is charming to see you so free from that vulgar vice called jealousy," said she, with a lingering glance at him; "though one does hear that there can be no true love without it. You are changed, my friend; there was a time when you would not have looked with such lenient eyes upon a rival."

"What a dark saying! Must I unravel it?" said Wriothesley gaily. "I am not good at guessing, and I confess that bit about the rival throws me out altogether. Where does he come in? For the rest—were you alluding to those old days when I was so desperately in love with you? Jolly old days they were, weren't they?"

She was quite equal to the task of hiding from him the bitter chagrin she was feeling; but he intercepted and caught the one swift glance of vindictive anger which flashed from her eyes to his, and which she was unable to control.

"By-the-by," he went on presently, "I have often wondered why you never married."

"It is kind of you to waste so many thoughts on me. I have wondered at that too. Perhaps"—with a rather bitter laugh—"I was so very nearly a Duchess that I did not care to accept a lesser part—to decline on a range of lower feelings!"

"I daresay there is a good deal in that," said he carelessly. "And, after all, marriage is not always the happiest of estates."

"True," said he grimly. "You speak from experience?"

"Well, no"—with a rather amused air—"I am so very little married, you see, that my experience would go for naught. Now you are different; and in those old days we were just now discussing you used to tell me that——"

"I think perhaps it would be more graceful of you," she said, "to forget all that happy past."

Her tone was peculiar.

"Why should one forget what was so happy?" replied he, with the utmost cheerfulness. "No; I like to remember it. It was pleasant whilst it lasted, and it taught me many things."

"Even how to tolerate the foolish flirtations of a frivolous child!" exclaimed she, in a low tone, with an undisguised sneer.

He laughed, although a sullen dark red mounted to his brow.

"That is unworthy of you!" he said. "You are too lovely a woman to descend to such speeches as that."

"Never mind me," said she, with a frown; "we were talking a little since of Lady Wriothesley."

"So we were. She is so charming a study that I do not wonder at your returning to it."

"You are not the only one who finds her charming."

"Naturally. To look at her is to admire her!"

"If she is so precious in your sight"—with a curl of the lip—"I wonder you do not guard her more carefully."

"Am I remiss in my duty? Just think how I ran through all the storm and wind this evening to her rescue."

"To get small thanks for your pains, I expect?"

"On the contrary, I got very pretty thanks. I don't believe"—airily—"she was ever so glad to see me in her life before."

"She is not so stupid then as her—as Mr. Savage. She, it appears, can act her part," said she, with a cold disdain.

"A word," said Wriothesley, leaning towards her with an ominous light in his eyes which startled her. "You have given me a good deal of advice so far; take a little from me now. Do not go too far, please."

"One cannot, in friendship's cause," replied she coolly. "Why should I not speak—I, who see most of the game? I warn you, in spite of that last warning of yours, that unless you change your tactics you will lose this paragon of yours."

Her calm audacity restored him to his former careful indifference more than all the apologies in the world could have done.

"I do not think so," he said, with a little smile. "She is mine, and I shall keep her."

"If you can!"

"Another sibylline speech! You know I told you you were in a rather exalted mood to-night. By-the-by, it is rather a bad complaint, isn't it, to tell me I cannot hold my own as well as another?"

"No man can fight against too heavy odds."

She raised her head and looked him fairly in the face.

"Put a stop to your wife's intimacy with Nigel Savage," she said.

There was something diabolical in the measured way in which she dealt this open thrust.

Wriothesley regarded her curiously for a second, and then, taking up her fan, which lay on her knee, tapped the back of her hand lightly with it.

"Oh, no, I sha'n't do that!" he said, in the friendliest manner possible. "I have the most perfect confidence in Lady Wriothesley's taste, and I should not dream of interfering with any of her friendships."

"Ah, is that your role?" said she, looking at him through insolent half-closed lids. "Have you ever thought that people may misconstrue your motives?"

"That is of little moment to me, so long as they are not misconstrued by her."

"It is amazing, this wonderful affection that has sprung up in your breast for this girl—the wife who only a month ago was so great a stranger that you did not even know her. Am I to understand that you are wisely going to make a virtue of necessity, and pretend to be in love with her?"

"I will tell you a secret," said Wriothesley gaily, lowering his tone to one of a mysterious softness—"I have only just discovered it myself, so you are the very first to hear it. It is all about Lady Wriothesley and it means that I adore her."

CHAPTER XXXII.

IT was an intense relief to Marvel when the evening came to an end, and she was able to retire to the solitude of her own room.

She dismissed the ever faithful Burton almost immediately, under the plea of being specially fatigued, and then she rested her head upon her hands and began to think.

The fire was blazing cheerfully, and Burton, before being driven forth, had provided her with a pretty loose robe of white cashmere and swansdown, so that she was free to indulge in her meditations as comfortably as possible.

There was a sense of satisfaction that was almost luxurious in the thought that she was at last alone—that she could think matters out to the end without having to make civil answers to dull remarks in the very middle of a tormenting query put to her own heart.

She felt a lassitude both of mind and body, born of the afternoon's misadventure and all the nervous doubts and fears consequent on it.

One thing however sent a little refreshing thrill through her—it was the certainty that Fulke had taken her part against Mrs. Scarlett.

Yes, there could be no doubt about that. With what a smile he came up to her then.

When she was feeling depressed, unstrung by that woman's cruel insolence, he had made a little pretence of being bound to come to her through an arrangement made on some former occasion; and there was something anxious in the expression of his eyes which showed her now he dreaded the thought that he was late in saving her from annoyance.

Mrs. Scarlett of course had not understood all that.

Marvel threw up her head, and the soft warm blood dyed her cheeks, and a pretty triumphant smile parted her lips as she told herself there had been quite a secret understanding between her and Fulke to-night, into which Mrs. Scarlett had not entered.

Perhaps his old love for her was dead—oh, if that might be! Its death would not of course bring any nearer the birth of a love for her; and yet there was comfort in the thought of it—not only comfort, but absolute relief.

Involuntarily she raised her hand to press it against her bosom, as if in repression of a sudden sigh, and there her fingers came in contact with something.

Only an old locket, worn, damaged. Yet the sight of it drove the smile from her face, the light from her eyes. No, she was mad to dream of comfort anywhere; there was none!

She rose and went over to where the lamps stood on her dressing-table, and looked at this locket—at the one frail thing that connected her with an unknown past. Slowly she opened it and gazed at the face within—so like, yet unlike her own. She glanced from it to the mirror where her own face looked out at her coldly and sorrowfully, and caught the resemblance. There was something however about the hair in the picture which struck her as peculiar; it was brushed very closely back at either side, so that the shaven cheeks looked thin and gaunt.

How would she look if she brushed her hair like that? Would the resemblance be more striking than it now was between her and this pale cynical-looking man whom she hardly dared to call "father"?

She pulled the hair-pins out of the carefully brushed hair that Burton had but just now coiled so smoothly round her shapely head, and rolled it up again into a loose, soft, high knot that would admit of a brushing back of the soft tresses into a severely Greek fashion, so as to accentuate the likeness to the picture she already saw.

When she had so brushed it, she found the effect was startling. She was so like the face lying in her hand that she could no longer doubt the wondering vaguely, in an awe-stricken way, about many things, when the sudden opening of her door roused her to more active thought.

She turned abruptly, standing now with her back to the lamps, and saw Mrs. Scarlett advancing across the threshold. She hardly knew her, the cold supercilious beauty of an hour before, she looked now so wild and haggard. Her lips were blue, her hand was pressed convulsively to her side.

"Have you any chloral?" she asked, in a fierce impatient tone that bespoke a very agony of pain. "My maid belongs to this part of the world, and I gave her leave to go home to-night; and she has forgotten to put out the bottle, or mislaid it—or something! Have you any?"

"No; but," began Marvel, who was a little frightened not only by her sudden entrance, but by the ghastliness of her appearance.

"Do you think that you can get some?"—feverishly. "If so, do, and at once."

"I think perhaps, if I went to Mrs. Verulam, she might get it from the housekeeper," said Marvel. As she spoke she came forward in a quick, eager way, until she stood beneath the full glare of a bracket-lamp.

So standing, Mrs. Scarlett raised her eyes and saw her. An extraordinary change swept over her face—an awful fear mingled with a curious disbelief disturbed her features. She staggered away from Marvel with a sharp cry, and leaned against the wall behind her, panting, shuddering.

"Who are you, girl? Speak!" she cried hoarsely. "Great heavens, what horrible thing is this? The dead—the dead! Where are they?"

She grew suddenly convulsed, and reeled backwards, clinching wildly at the empty air.

Marvel sprang forward and caught her. She supported her tenderly, and, being tall and, though slender, strong, she lifted her in her arms, and half drew, half carried her to a low lounge at the other side of the fireplace.

The doing of all this however created a rather unusual disturbance, and, following as it did on that short but piercing cry that came from Mrs. Scarlett, it reached Wriothesley's ears, whose room adjoined Marvel's.

He was just in the act of knocking to demand the meaning of it, when Marvel herself unlocked the door between them and entered his room.

She found him in his shirt and trousers, with the end of a cigarette between his lips; but she hardly took any notice of that, she was so glad to find him awake and able to be of service to her.

"Oh, come in!" she said.

She was looking very much upset—and indeed the sight of that rigid form and ghastly face within, stretched in a seemingly lifeless state upon the lounge, had unnerved her to a very unusual degree.

Coming upon all that had gone before, it was the veritable last straw, and threatened to break, if not her back, at least her courage.

It was an unspeakable relief to find that she was not to be left alone with this new burden.

"Come quickly!" she said, holding out her hand to Wriothesley; and, flinging his cigarette into the fire, he followed her into her own room.

"What is it?" he asked; and then he saw the prostrate insensible figure upon the couch and went quickly up to it.

"She is not dead?" he exclaimed, with great anxiety—an anxiety that seemed exaggerated to his wife, who could not help watching him closely.

"Not that, I hope," she said—she had got some Cologne water and was busily bathing Mrs. Scarlett's forehead, whilst Wriothesley in a rather helpless fashion was chafing her hands.

"If one had a little brandy!" he said, brightening as the idea occurred to him; and, dropping the inanimate hands, he rushed off to his own room.

"Oh, don't be long!" entreated Marvel as he passed by her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESIDENT of life insurance company: "Now I've caught you, you rascal! Drop that jewelry, or I'll blow your brains out!" Impudent Burglar: "Yer dassent! I've got my life insured in your company for five thousand dollars, and it will be cheaper to let me go—see?"

IN THE VALLEY.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Afar in the Amethyst Valley,
At the holy Temple of Prayer,
When the shadows are lifted forever,
United we'll meet on the stair.

The Angel who stands at the portal,
Will welcome us into its light;
The sinless, immortal, sweet Angel—
And Day will spring from Night.

DEFEATED.

BY JELSIE MACLEOD.

CHAPTER I.

AT an early hour one bleak March morning, Mr. Cowlingshaw, senior partner of the old-established firm of solicitors, Cowlingshaw, Deeds and Costs, was rung up from his comfortable bed by the arrival of a telegram reading as follows:

"Rodon, to Mr. Cowlingshaw, Solicitor, High Street, Herdwick—Go at once."

The message was laconic, but it was fully understood.

"Confound him!" said the solicitor, as he looked at it in the sickly light of early daybreak, a frown on his brow.

Then ringing the bell, he ordered that his strong horse Emperor should be saddled as soon as possible, and coffee heated for himself; and hurrying his toilet, was before long riding at a brisk pace along the high road to the vast estate of Harbury Priors. He presented the appearance of what he was—a prosperous man.

The east wind being full in his face, he had pulled his soft hat down over his eyes, and drawn his woolen scarf up to cover his mouth, so little of his countenance was visible; he was elderly, of stout strong frame, wore a riding-coat with thick cape, and gaiters.

The telegram must have been important to compel a man of his position, contrary to all his customary habits (and Mr. Cowlingshaw's habits were luxurious), to ride out to the country at so early an hour, in a sharp, cutting wind.

At length he came to the park paling and preserves, which extended many a mile, of Harbury Priors, and skirting them until he gained a side gate, he rode across the park, which was richly wooded, until he entered the avenue of fine oaks leading up to the house.

The edifice had been first built in the reign of Henry VII., additions to it being made in subsequent improvements, so that it presented an irregular but most picturesque outline, with its towers, pointed gables, and twisted chimneys, from only one of which a thin spiral of blue smoke ascended.

So imposing did it appear, that the lawyer, who had not seen it for some time, stopped his horse, and took a long survey of the fine old building.

"Soh!" he muttered to himself, "my gallant client can well afford to have a heavy screw put on him; and by George he shall too! Look after your interests, Dick Cowlingshaw!"

Then he rode up to the house, as the turret clock struck eight. Most of the windows had closed shutters, indeed they had only been occasionally opened of late years, as the owner, Lord Harbury, had been residing in the South of France for the benefit of his delicate health; he had come to his country but recently, where his presence was necessary on account of the approaching marriage of his only son—had come home to die.

Everything was sunk in repose, the only sound that of the cawing rooks circling round the old trees.

When Mr. Cowlingshaw rang the hall-bell, its sound pealed through the house startlingly, and caused the response of barking dogs within.

The chain and bolts were withdrawn, and a middle-aged man-servant out of livery opened the door. He bowed, recognising the lawyer.

"I had the bad news sent me early this morning, Evans," said Mr. Cowlingshaw. "Being the family solicitor, I came at once to ascertain the sad particulars. Can you send someone round to take care of my horse?"

"Certainly, sir;" and going to an inner door, Evans gave directions, which resulted in a lad appearing from the stables.

"Lead him up and down," said Mr. Cowlingshaw; "I shall not stay long."

Evans then conducted the lawyer into a morning-room opening from the low-roofed spacious vestibule, and unclosed the shutters. The man's face was pale, and bore the expression of sincere sorrow—he had been Lord Harbury's valet.

Mr. Cowlingshaw threw himself into a red velvet armchair, unwound the scarf from his neck, and taking off his felt hat, disclosed a rather large coarse face, expressive of strong will as well as of shrewdness and capacity.

"Tell me all about it," said he.

Evans stood by the table.

"My Lord had been better this last year, sir, than ordinary; the mildness of Cannes suited him, and had he but remained until the warm weather came in England he would have been all right; but with Mr. Josselyn's marriage on the 'tapis' he got fidgetty, and anxious about the settlements. The doctors told him that February was the very worst time for him to come to England, and sure enough he took a cold directly; but we did not think he would die, sir—he went off quite sudden at nine o'clock last night."

"Have you telegraphed for Mr. Harbury?"

"Yes, and for Colonel Despard, his cousin. Mr. Josselyn is with his regiment in London. I daresay he will be here by the eight o'clock train; I have sent the dog-cart to the station. The Colonel will be here later on, for, you see, he has to come from Yorkshire."

"Lord Harbury died peacefully?"

"Yes, sir, Heaven be thanked! He was a kind, good master; excepting his son, no one will feel his loss more than I shall. I have been with him seven-and-twenty years."

"Well, well, death must come to all—I daresay he has left you a handsome pension which will console you."

The man's pale face quivered.

"No amount of money will ever console me for the loss of my kind, considerate master, sir; he was everything to me."

"I should like to see him once more—that is, if I may."

"Certainly, sir; there can be no impropriety in it as you were his solicitor. Will you follow me upstairs?"

Reverently, as if entering a church, the servant lightly ascended the spacious staircase to the gallery above, and Mr. Cowlingshaw puffed up after him, for he was a large, heavy man.

Opening the door of a dressing-room leading from the gallery, Evans ushered the lawyer into the chamber beyond—the chamber of death.

He lay in peaceful repose—with a delicate, fine-featured face, like sculptured marble.

A table was drawn up beside the bed, with neatly arranged packets of papers and letters; also a small ebony miniature cabinet, as well as several jewel-cases. The solicitor's eyes strayed to these.

"My Lord occupied himself in sorting his papers lately, and selecting jewels for Lady Constance—he thought a deal of her—the family diamonds are at the bank. I suppose you have the will, sir?"

"Our firm has all his legal documents—and had those of his father and grandfather before him," answered Mr. Cowlingshaw, whose eyes appeared rivetted on the ebony casket.

"Will you not wait to see Mr. Josselyn? he will soon be here."

"No, no—he's better alone for the present—but give him my respectful sympathy, and tell him I will come directly he summons me. Now I must go."

The solicitor descended, mounted his horse, and rode away at a brisk pace to the gate in the park-paling where he had entered; then, fastening the animal to the branch of a tree which overhung the road, he hastily retraced his footsteps across the park to the house—quite a quarter of an hour's walk; the whole of the way, his eyes fixed on the ground, he was lost in profound thought, with a determined expression in his face.

Again he rang a sharp peal—this time a young footman opened the door. Everybody near Herdwick knew Mr. Cowlingshaw, and the young man bowed to him as Evans had done.

"Oh, my good fellow," exclaimed the lawyer, apparently in great haste, "I fear I have dropped something of importance in Lord Harbury's room—I pulled out my handkerchief there, I remember."

"I will call Evans, sir; he will go up and find it."

"No, no, never mind troubling him; I will run up myself—I know exactly where I stood;" and Mr. Cowlingshaw even as he spoke exerted himself to his utmost and ascended with unusual speed; the young footman never thinking twice about it, as he was aware that the solicitor had already been in the death-chamber with the valet.

The death-chamber, how still and cold it felt, with the grey light streaming in through the aperture of the half-drawn curtains.

The lawyer closed the door silently behind him; advancing towards the dead nobleman, he shuddered.

"He shall pay thousands and thousands for this!" he muttered; and, never glancing at that still face, he went direct to the small ebony cabinet. "This is where he kept them," he continued; "I saw him put them in three years ago; I wonder if they are still there—yes—yes, all safe!"

He opened the top of the casket, which was a lid, extracted the folded papers within swiftly, and was about to place them in the breast-pocket of his coat, when the noise of rapidly driven wheels passing under the window caused him to pause in fear.

"It is Josselyn Harbury arrived—what shall I do! Where shall I hide!"

He glanced round the room in hopeless despair; there was the sound of voices below, and footsteps mounting the stairs; on the agony of that moment.

It was indeed the young heir, the one child of the house, who had traveled all night to reach his desolate home. On coming to the hall-door he had found it open, but on entering the vestibule Evans came hastening to meet him.

"Oh, Evan," he cried, holding out his hand to the attached servant. "Is it true—can it be true that I have lost my dearest father?"

Evans shook his head, he had no voice to speak.

Josselyn threw his hat upon the table, and mounted to his father's bedroom wearily.

The door was shut, the room desolate, only the form of his beloved father lying so still—that father whose smile would never again gladden the heart of his affectionate son.

Josselyn Harbury buried his face in his hands, sobbing aloud.

His youth had been happy and bright; handsome and light-hearted, he had been a universal favorite; engaged to a charming girl, and the wedding day fixed, this great sorrow had fallen upon him; his father had been ailing for years, ever since the death of Lady Harbury, but his son had never imagined grim Death was coming to claim his own.

But the young man had to master his emotion; all the sad arrangements must be made by him.

Before night-time, the body of Lord Harbury was lying in state in the large dining-room; and the horse of Mr. Cowlingshaw having broken away from the overhanging bough to which he had been attached, trotted into the High Street of Herdwick, with an empty saddle, and the bridle under his feet.

Search was made at once along the high road, as it seemed probable that the rider had been thrown; but there were no traces of such an accident.

At Harbury Priors there was no news of him. The footman remembered him returning to the house for something he had dropped; having left the hall-door open for him, of course he had gone; Evans knew nothing of the matter.

The Cowlingshaw firm and the missing man's family were much alarmed; inquiries were instituted, then advertisements inserted, offering rewards, in the newspapers, without any results whatever; the solicitor did not re-appear—thus adding another to the frequent cases of mysterious disappearance.

CHAPTER II.

"SHE is coming now," said Colonel Despard to his friend Lord Lavington, as the two hung over the rails of the ride in Rotten Row, watching the equestrians, and exchanging nods with their acquaintance as they passed.

"More beautiful than ever!" cried the young nobleman, in a tone of admiration.

Down the centre of the ride, surrounded by a large party of ladies and gentlemen, all engaged in animated conversation, riding beside her father, was a girl so lovely that she fascinated the eyes of all beholders; delicate, graceful, and dignified, and a splendid rider.

Her head was nobly poised on the neck of a Juno; her face oval in form, with pale creamy complexion; her eyes hazel with black lashes and straight black eyebrows; her hair of a soft brown; her red flexible lips were a pleasure to watch when she talked, they were so sweet and expressive.

The two gentlemen raised their hats as they passed by; the Marquess nodded, Lady Constance bowed to the young lord, at Colonel Despard she never glanced.

"Cool," said the Colonel; "she always ignores me when she can."

"Then you have not yet given up the game!" remarked his companion. "Has it been going on during my two years' absence?"

"I shall never give up."

"But—but suppose she marries another man?"

"I will take care she never does that," said the Colonel bitterly. "I have her father's consent and approval."

"And not hers?"

"And not hers—in fact, she has refused me twice."

"Yet you persevere—is that right, Colonel?"

"Yes—for she shall consent—or she'll ——"

"What!" asked the young man as the Colonel stopped; glancing at his face he was startled, for a heavy frown was on his brow, and he had turned pale even to his lips.

From that moment Lord Lavington gained a new insight into his friend's character, and not a favorable one.

"I should like to try myself," remarked the young man mischievously. "She always danced with me and was kind to me before I went to Egypt."

"She is too old for you," said the Colonel shortly.

"Only three years. If I am young, you certainly are too old for her at thirty-seven."

"Never mind that—there may be counterbalancing advantages."

"You allude to your being the richest man in Yorkshire; but I don't believe she cares for wealth—or for titles either. She has had offers of marriage, they say, from all the best catches going. Her heart is still poor Harbury's. Where is he?"

"Disgraced, ruined, most likely he has left the country."

"Poor, poor fellow!" said the young lord.

"You dare to pity him—to me!" cried Colonel Despard, turning on him suddenly with flashing eyes. "You!"

"As to that," replied Lord Lavington, "I have a right to pity or despise, as I think proper—as well as that of selecting my acquaintances;" and he walked on ahead slowly, until, meeting with two or three young men whom he knew, he joined their party, leaving Colonel Despard in the same place and attitude, leaning on the rails.

"Soh!" he said to himself, smoothing his black moustache. "You are giving yourself airs, young prig that you are."

He looked after him.

"By heaven! He has met Constance, she has reined up, and is shaking hands with him! I will remain here and compel her to bow to me!"

He knew that Lady Constance and her father would return on his side of the ride, and he waited. Presently the party rode up. Lady Constance was chatting in an animated manner with a friend beside her.

Colonel Despard fixed his cold steel-blue eyes upon her, as an eagle on its quarry; but she never even glanced in his direction; whether by design or chance, she rode on unmoved.

"Never mind," thought he as he turned away, walking through the gay groups of promenaders, sombre, and without seeing them. "Everything comes to those who can wait. I will call in Grosvenor Square and speak again to her father."

"Who is that handsome, distinguished, but horridly bad-tempered-looking man?" asked a lady of another, as he passed in front of where they were seated under a shady tree.

"Colonel Despard—the richest man in Yorkshire, and heir to the disputed estates and Harbury title, that made such a talk three years ago when it was brought before the House of Lords."

"Let me see—I remember the case, but not the circumstances—do tell me."

"Well, my dear, the last Lord Harbury married to please himself and to disoblige his family, as they call it; she was a Belgian girl, and a nobody, the marriage taking place somewhere in Luxemburg, I believe. They were fondly attached to each other, but she died, and then he devoted himself to their only child—a boy. Being very delicate, Lord Harbury resided every winter in a warm climate, but coming to England one very cold spring, he was taken off at once, quite suddenly. Well, what do you think?—after the funeral, no will could be found; it was thought to have been at the lawyer's, but they declared they had never had it—what was worse, there was no certificate or papers to prove the marriage with his French wife; so the poor son had no legal right to anything—to make matters worse, he was on the eve of marriage with that beautiful Lady Constance, whom you admire so much. The wedding-day was fixed, the licence bought, than all had to be broken off!"

"And who has the estates?"

"No one. That Colonel Despard claimed them and the title, being first cousin and heir-at-law to the late lord; but though young Harbury's right could not be proved, neither could it be disproved, so all lies in what they call abeyance."

"What became of the young man?"

"He threw up his commission in the Guards—had a bad illness—and then disappeared."

Had Colonel Despard been a poor instead of a rich man, the chances are that he would have attained eminence in any career or profession he adopted, for he had a strong will, and the power of concentration to an uncommon extent, never allowing any obstacle to stand in his way once he had set his mind on a thing.

There were two things on which he had set his mind; and which, though baffled in both up to the present moment, he meant to have yet—Lady Constance for his wife and the Harbury peerage.

He had fixed upon the lovely girl when she made her first appearance in the fashionable world; he had proposed, and that proposal was declined.

Shortly after she accepted his cousin's son; Josselyn Harbury; but when that marriage on the very eve of its accomplishment was completely broken off—not so much on account of the loss of fortune as for the stigma of Josselyn's doubtful birth, Colonel Despard's hopes revived, and he followed Lady Constance like her shadow; if he could succeed with her he had her father's approval, who was too just a man to force his daughter's inclinations; but after her disappointment the young girl would encourage no addresses, she refused all suitors.

Three years had passed—still Colonel Despard persevered.

Nothing she could say or do discouraged him; he was imperturbable, hoping for some fortunate chance by which he could gain his ends.

"I will master her yet," he would say to himself, "and dearly shall she pay for the dance she has led me, when I have her in my power."

The chance came at last, quite unexpectedly.

In general the Colonel was no early riser, but a day or two after he had been with Lord Lavington in the Park, he started early in the morning in order to see the departure of a regiment from the Addison Road Station, the officer in command being an old comrade of his own.

Colonel Despard had as yet no town establishment, but a suite of rooms in the Albany.

Proceeding down Piccadilly, he walked along the broad path skirting Hyde Park, from the Lodge to Knightsbridge where the shops commence.

Just before he reached the small gate opposite Wilton Place, two female figures descended the steps, whom he immediately recognized as Lady Constance and her maid—a woman of middle age who had been with her since her schoolroom days.

There was no mistaking Lady Constance, although she was closely veiled and dressed with Quaker-like simplicity; she walked hurriedly, and carried a small box in her hand.

He slackened his pace and followed, admiring the light elegance of her carriage and her graceful movements.

Where could she be going so early as

eight o'clock in the morning? They proceeded towards Albert Gate, where the shopkeepers were only just taking down the shutters and sweeping out their shops. Presently Lady Constance entered a jeweler's shop, Prescott remaining outside, until she stopped a passing cab, which drew up at the door.

The Colonel stepped into a doorway and watched, for his curiosity was awakened. After some little time the young lady emerged—without the box, he observed—and sprang lightly into the vehicle, which drove off towards Brompton, Prescott entering the Park at Albert Gate, close by.

The Colonel did not hesitate, he strode after the cab, then reaching the cab-stand he sprang into a hansom.

"Follow that cab wherever it goes, and stop when it stops!" cried he.

Down the Brompton Road, past the Consumption Hospital, past the Cemetery, through Fulham Green—where was Lady Constance going?

Arrived at Fulham, in the vicinity of the Thames, the cab turned sharply down a long narrow road or lane where several doors in an old red-brick wall denoted the entrances to villas of ancient date, standing surrounded by trees in secluded gardens—it was the ancient part of Fulham, as yet undisturbed in modern renovation by the builders.

At one of these doors the cab stopped, Lady Constance alighted, handed the driver his fare, and applying a key to the lock, opened the door with the manner of an habitue, and disappeared.

The Colonel was amazed; what could be the meaning of the proceeding? who lived in this secluded house?

The cab turned and departed, then Colonel Despard observed that the lane was not a thoroughfare; he instantly determined to give up all thoughts of bidding farewell to his friend and witnessing the departure of the regiment at Kensington, to stay in the role of amateur detective, and endeavor to fathom this mystery of Lady Constance.

Ordering his cab to stand at one corner of the alley, he let down the glass in front, through which he could see, without himself being recognised, and for two long-seeming hours he never took his eyes from the door—but no Lady Constance reappeared.

When Fulham Church clock struck twelve, he gave up, drove back to Hyde Park Corner, then proceeded on foot to Grosvenor Square, for an interview with the Marquess—he had formed his plans.

The Marquess was a politician and a man of the world; he was not an unkind father, although not a sympathetic one, and was excessively proud of his daughter's beauty and elegance.

Losing her mother at an early age, Lady Constance had been placed at the head of his table as soon as she entered society, and there was always a lady relative or friend ready to chaperon her; this had given the young girl self-control and experience far beyond her years.

The Marquess had no particular dislike to Colonel Despard personally, and his wealth was very great, but he had an objection to interfering in his daughter's matrimonial prospects; he knew what she had suffered when the marriage between Josselyn Harbury and herself was broken off.

Since that period every suitor had been rejected.

"No," the Marquess said, at the close of the interview that morning between himself and Colonel Despard; "I can do nothing in the matter. If you can obtain my daughter's consent, I am willing, as you know, to receive you as my son-in-law. Constance is four-and-twenty—she must please herself; she keeps her room this morning, having one of her distressing London headaches."

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, a gleam of light suddenly passing across his eyes, as he heard this intelligence, "for I wished to offer for her acceptance my late mother's rubies—I have heard it remarked that Lady Constance never wears jewels."

"She does not care for them, but it is no one's affair whether she wears them or does not," replied the Marquess a little stiffly. "Offer your rubies if you wish to do so, but I do not think she will accept them."

Thus terminated the interview; but the Colonel had not yet finished his investigations.

Before entering the hall, he asked the footman if he could speak with the maid of Lady Constance.

"Certainly, he might do so," was the reply; and he was accordingly ushered into a small library, while Mrs. Prescott was rung for.

This person speedily made her appearance; a thin faded middle-aged woman, with pale face and calm manner, very staid, very composed.

As she entered the room their eyes met, and each read the other's thoroughly.

"Dangerous," thought Prescott, who was well aware of the gentleman being a rejected but pertinacious suitor.

"Deep as a well," was the Colonel's inward commentary.

"Prescott," said he aloud, "I am sorry to hear from the Marquess that Lady Constance has a headache—she always has them in town."

"Yes, sir."

"Do they occur as frequently in the country or on the Continent?"

"No, sir."

"Ah!" (aloud). "Of course not" (aside). "Is she too ill for you to take a message from me?"

"My lady is asleep, sir."

"Oh—she is going to the birthday-drawing-room to-morrow, I believe?"

"It is so arranged, sir."

"As I particularly wish to speak with her, I shall call before she leaves for it."

The Colonel departed. He was quite satisfied with his discoveries; a very little more and he would hold Lady Constance in his power. That next step was to discover whom she visited at Fulham.

In the evening, as it grew dusk, he resumed his role of detective. Disguising himself as much as possible in a loose traveling coat and cap, he revisited the spot of his morning adventure.

He turned down the lane, which was dark and solitary; he tried the door of the house where Lady Constance had entered—it was fast, and had neither bell nor knocker.

The adjoining house was to let, and the garden walls were too high for him to see over.

His next proceeding was to make inquiries in the neighborhood. The shops were at some little distance, all petty ones. He selected a milk-shop and baker's combined; he chose well.

"Who lives at the second house the first turning from this road—a kind of lane—I forget the name?"

"Priory Walk, sir?" replied the woman he addressed.

"Yes, I believe that is it."

"Mr. Schreiber, sir, a literary gent. He writes for the newspapers, so the postman tells me; in very bad health, sir. We send new milk every morning."

Colonel Despard was more than surprised; but, after all, there might be a former governess of Lady Constance at the house—a wife or mother of the literary personage.

"There is a Madame Schreiber, I know. Is she his wife or mother?"

"Wife, sir; wife a actress, sir; such a elegant-looking lady, but she is almost always away playing in the provinces. It's a pity she can't stay at home to take care of her husband. He's so delicate he never goes out, but only walks in the garden; they only keep one old woman as servant, sir."

The Colonel thanked her, and left the shop with mingled feelings of exultation, sorrow, and astonishment, for the woman loquacious had a secret!

She, the high-born, beautiful, proud girl, at whose feet the scions of noble houses had laid their coronets—she, the star of fashion, had a secret!

Why had she visited the jeweler's shop that morning carrying a box? Why did she now never appear in jewels? This mystery he would fathom; he would begin to-morrow. Once in his power, she should writhe under his lash.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The White Figure.

BY H. B. D.

It was an ideal ghost story evening.

So thought the merry party assembled to enjoy the Christmas festivities at Buchan Hall, and little they heeded the wind that came sweeping down the great chimney, now with a howl as of some wild beast, and anon dying with a moan as of some soul in agony.

Each had been doing his or her best to crown the last fearful story with one still more fearful and blood-curdling.

Major Buchan, the cheery, genial host, had been reserved for the last story-teller, and his contribution was impatiently looked forward to by the younger members of the party, as, having traveled much, great things in the way of adventures were expected of him.

At last their impatience was over, and the Major began—

"Twenty years ago I received my annual invitation to spend Christmas with an old aunt of mine living in the country. I left York late in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and started on my lonely walk across the moors to reach Barlow, the little country village, ten miles north.

"It had been snowing heavily all day, and all the land-marks were entirely obliterated. However, feeling sure I knew every step of the way, I started on my journey.

"After walking for some two hours, it struck me I was no nearer my destination than when I left York.

"Another hour's walk, and it flashed across me that I was lost in the snow. To turn back would have been madness, to advance seemed hopeless, and it was bitterly cold standing still.

"Suddenly, above the moaning of the wind across the moor, I heard a woman's voice singing a wild, weird air. I listened, and guided by the sound, advanced, till I found myself standing before a ruined manor-house, which I remembered as being five miles on the other side of Barlow.

"It was, as far as I knew, untenanted, and had the reputation of being haunted. The singing, however, still continued, so no doubt existed in my mind as to its being habited.

"Seizing the heavy iron knocker with both hands, I knocked loudly, and after waiting some minutes, was just thinking of knocking again, when the massive door was slowly opened, and a girl stood before me.

"I cannot attempt to describe her. Suffice it to say, she was certainly the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Dressed in a quaint old-fashioned dress of years gone by, she looked as if she had stepped out of a picture-frame.

"Apologizing for my intrusion, I hastily explained; and with a charming air of hospitality, she bade me enter. The hall was perfectly dark except for my bull's-eye lantern, which shed a faint glimmer around. Following my hostess down some stairs, wondering the while how she could have found her way up them without a light, we reached a room lighted only by a fire burning cheerily.

"It was unfurnished save for an old arm-chair placed invitingly near the blazing fire; and with a sigh of satisfaction I sank into it and warmed my numbed fingers.

"Turning to thank my pretty hostess, and to ask to whose hospitality I was indebted, I found, to my astonishment that the room was empty. Not having heard the door close, I was surprised to find myself alone; but surmising she had gone to tell her parents or friends and to prepare a meal for me, I took no further notice.

"Feeling drowsy, I must have fallen asleep, but it seemed to me that I had just closed my eyes, when I awoke with a start, and a cold, creepy feeling as if some undefined presence were with me. The room was in total darkness.

"The fire that had been burning so cheerily was out; so, striking a match, I looked at my watch, and saw it was just three o'clock; consequently I must have slept three hours. I felt for the door, and finding it, struck another match and turned the handle. To my dismay, it was locked!

"Here I was in a pretty predicament. Alone in a strange house, in a locked room, without a light.

"Listening for any sound of life, I heard a heavy breathing, seemingly quite near to me, followed by a low moan.

"An eerie feeling came over me, and, again striking a match, I looked about me. Nothing was to be seen. I was getting desperate.

"I shouted—all to no purpose. Then, after examining the lock and finding it rusty and loose, I determined to burst open the door. Using all my strength, I threw myself against it. It yielded. A second and a third hurl, and it fell in with a crash. Then I listened to see if the noise had wakened the inmates.

"All was still as the grave; but, even as I listened and peered into the darkness, I saw a white figure on the landing above me, wringing its hands, and moaning, 'Don't hurt me.'

"All the fearful stories that had delighted and terrified my young mind about a murder that had been committed in this very house, and of the murdered woman that haunted it, rushed through my brain. Paralyzed with terror, I could not move; and overcome by weakness and exhaustion, I must have fainted. When I came to my senses, it was just getting daylight; and making the best of my way out of the house, I hurried on to Barlow.

"On reaching the nearest inn, my first demand was for something to eat and drink. After satisfying myself, I called the landlord; and, telling him my strange story, asked if he could throw any light on the mystery.

"After giving him a minute description of my young hostess, he hurriedly called two gentlemen who were just leaving the inn, and from them I had the following explanation:

"They were a doctor and keeper from a neighboring lunatic asylum on the track of an escaped madwoman—a young actress who imagined herself to be of noble birth, and whose mania, in her saner moments, was dressing in quaint, old-time dresses, and imagining herself to be some titled personage long since dead.

"She had escaped in her fanciful costume on the morning of Christmas Eve, and having found her way to the Manor, made herself at home in one of the rooms.

"After letting me into the house, she must have thought I was a keeper, and while I slept, in order to outdo me, locked the door of the room I was in, and removed the sticks and twigs with which she had managed to light a fire.

"The breathing I heard could only be accounted for by supposing she must have been listening to hear if I was awake, and shortly afterwards, hearing the crash of the falling door, must have thought she was about to be recaptured—hence the white figure moaning in such terror.

"Returning to the Manor, we found the young lady fast asleep in one of the upper rooms."

So ends my ghost story, as do most of its kind.

BOOKWORMS AND THEIR EXPLOITS.—Various animals, popularly known as "bookworms," are found in paper, leather, and parchment. One larva of Urambus pinguinalis will settle upon the binding of a book, and, spinning a robe, will do it little injury. A mite eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp old books between the leaves, and there commits great ravages. The little boring wood beetle also attacks books, and will even bore though several volumes. An instance is mentioned of twenty-seven folio volumes being perforated in a straight line by the same insect in such a manner that, by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. The wood beetle also destroys prints and drawings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. "The death watch" is likewise accused of being a depredator of books.

WITH regard to sparking over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides.

Scientific and Useful.

WITHOUT DISTILLATION—If gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water; but as it is insoluble in alcohol that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol for use in the arts may be obtained without distillation.

WHITEWASH FOR OUTSIDE WORKS.—Take a clean, water-tight barrel and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring boiling water over it in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, stirring it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When slaking has been effected, dissolve in water and add two pounds sulphate of zinc and one of common salt.

KEEPING PRESERVED FRUIT.—Professor Tyndal has shown that atmospheric germs do not pass through a layer of cotton wool; and the discovery has been applied to keep preserved fruit by covering the jar holding it with cotton batting. The germs of putrefaction in the fruit are said to be rendered harmless by cooking, and cotton batting keeps out those of the air.

BAROMETERS.—A very good and sensitive barometer may be made by gluing together strips of red cedar and seasoned pine. A strip of cedar about thirty inches long, one and one-half inches wide and one eighth of an inch thick, is cut with the grain, and to one side of it must be glued strips of pine of equal thickness, with the grain running across that of the cedar. This combination is set on end, and will, according to the state of the weather, be found to have bent over to one side or the other, or this may be determined by trial.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.—To free canaries and other birds of insects, the following method is recommended by one who says he has successfully practiced it for years: At about dusk cover the cage with a white cloth. During the night the insects will crawl from the birds on to the cloth, where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at daybreak. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds.

AN AUTOMATIC SHOP.—Automatic boxes for supplying cigarettes, chocolate, postal-cards, etc., are now familiar to us; but the principle of their action has been considerably extended in its application by an inventor who has, through the agency of an indicating dial and a revolving drum, produced what may be called an automatic shop. At present it is made to deliver twelve different kinds of sweetmeats, at the desire of the purchaser; but various modifications are possible. We may mention here that there is now an automatic perfume distributor of this class.

Farm and Garden.

FUMIGATION.—Closing the doors and windows of the stable once a week and burning sulphur therein is a cheap and effective mode of disinfecting.

DAMP SITUATIONS.—The fact is noted that a house hidden by trees is too often a reservoir of damp, stagnant air (as may be shown with a wet and dry bulb thermometer) a condition anything but favorable to health.

KEROSENE.—Since kerosene has been found excellent when used in the soapsuds for washing, care should be taken not to apply such soapsuds to peach trees or sprinkle it on the ground around them. Kerosene is almost instantly fatal to peach trees, only a few drops being sufficient to kill a vigorous tree.

HAY AND COWS.—When cows refuse hay there is something wrong. Most probably they have been overfed. The remedy is to cut the hay with a fodder-cutter, the cost of which will be repaid by the saving in one year, and wet it and mix bran with it, about two quarts for each cow, adding a small handful of salt.

PIGEONS.—Pigeons are not troublesome, and afford much interest to those who have the time to attend to them properly. The fancy kinds such as pouters, tumblers, fantails, barbs, owls, and carriers, may be kept in the same loft, but they must be mated first. This must be done by confining a pair together away from the others. After the pigeons shall have been all mated no danger will arise of distinct breeds mixing.

BONES.—Farmers and gardeners should gather up all the bones scattered about the yards, and prepare them for use in fertilizing their lands. There are various ways of doing this. One is to mash them with an old axe or sledge-hammer, the finer the better, and place the broken pieces into a barrel or other vessel, interspersed with layers of good hardwood unslaked ashes. Keep the mass moist, not allowing the potash or lye to escape. In a few months the bones will become jelly.

GARDEN HOSE.—A cheap hose for watering plants can be made of heavy ducking. Cut the ducking into strips the width required to make the size wanted, fold the edges together, and sew two seams with a sewing machine. Then roll into rolls or balls, and boil in grafting wax, the same as cloth for grafting purposes. "I made 150 feet of such hose," says the correspondent, "to water strawberries and vegetable. I cut the cloth lengthwise, about fifty feet in a section, and then sewed the sections together. It will leak a little, but not enough to amount to anything."

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Notice.

Our readers' attention is directed to the offer of *Premiums* on another page.

Dreams and Realities.

Happy the man who can fix his couch where it shall catch the slanting rays of the returning sun, and where his ear can drink in at early morn the song of lark, the flutter of ivy, and the rustle of elm.

A luxurious traveler, he returns from the dim desert of sleep, gliding into wakefulness as the golden shadows creep along the white curtains. To him it is given to linger on that witching borderland of dreams where all is vague and picturesque, and where hope nor fear nor sorrow can assail.

It is a question with many whether the dreamy state is not better than the deep sleep that overtakes the toiler, covering him all over, body and soul, like a cloak. Some men, whose puny ambition is to brave the fogs and chills of early morning, deny the attractions of dreamland, and hold that the first turn should be a turn-out. Others are of the Quaker's opinion, that one good turn deserves another.

Pope would lie in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for days unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner. Dumas, who dearly loved his couch, attributed the "brutal force" of many of his novels and dramas to his habit of writing between the sheets.

Notwithstanding his magnificent description of sunrise, it is doubtful whether the poet Thompson ever saw the dawn, for he seldom rose until noon, having, as he told Savage, "one motive."

Sleep is a great leveller. "It makes," says Sancho, "the shepherd equal to the king, the fool to the wise man." The dreamy state is an elevator, raising men above the sphere in which fortune has placed them.

Are not our dreams often more brilliant than our waking thoughts? Do we not rejoice; do we not hate and love; do we not achieve with more picturesque realism when we have shaken off the fetters that bind us to earth?

How many epics are left unwritten in the land of Nod—epics that might overshadow the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," and the "Paradise Lost?" How many adventures of love and war are engaged in on the dreamy plains and the airy castles of sleep—adventures that might make of every youth a Don Quixote?

Pictures! Who has not handled the pencil of an artist, and mingled the glowing colors of Rubens with the sombre hues of Rembrandt? And have we not heard in dreamland the "woven sound of streams and breezes"—strange symphonies of which the sweetest songs of Mozart or of Mendelssohn are but the echoes?

Shelley has not been the only wanderer beneath rainbow clouds and pendent mountains. Most men have pursued "beyond the realms of dream, that fleeting shade," until, overleaping the boundary, they have plunged again into "the black and watery depth" of wakefulness.

But not to all men does the drowsy god vouchsafe these glimpses of his realm. Some there are who never dream by night or day, and who maintain that only the weak minded experience this phenomenon. Cleon, the tyrant, never dreamed, nor did Suetonius, who murdered his mother; and there are still amongst us hard-headed and dull-hearted men who never indulge in cheerful visions.

They take no pleasure in fancying what they would like to be or to do. In their prosaic lives there is no oasis, no enchanted castle, into which they can withdraw from the toil and the trouble of everyday existence, and where they can live, in a few minutes, a century of peace and happiness.

You do not envy those men. They may be practical and successful, but these qualities are not impossible in those who pay occasional visits to dreamland. Nay, success, in its highest degree, can be obtained only by the dreamer who brings to the service of life the result of those visions which commonplace creatures call delusions. As theory precedes practice, so do dreams go before realization.

In the steam bubbling from the kettle on the kitchen fire Watt saw a vision of the energetic locomotive. A few logs of floating timber caused Columbus to dream of an undiscovered land, and enabled him to pour untold wealth into the lap of the very men who had scoffed and reviled the dreamer.

It is true that we cannot all hope to invent an engine or to discover a continent. Our dreams may be "airy nothings," to which we can give neither a "local habitation nor a name," yet are they, on that account, to be condemned as mischievous?

Of course, there are men and women who never come out of their airy castles. Their days are passed in dreamland, where they waste many precious hours that should be given to tangible affairs. Their dreams may be noble, but they make no attempt to convert them into realities.

Thus dreamland is not without its dangers. Like this beautiful world of our waking life it has its quagmires, its shallows, its pits, and its will-o'-the-wisps that decoy the unwary into impassible marshes. We may mistake the vision for the reality, and may be unconscious of error until age and decay give us a rude awakening. We may revel in imaginative freedom, and wander so long among scenes painted in glowing colors upon the walls of darkness that reverie and abstraction become not merely mischievous, but dangerous.

But, after all, these are very remote dangers. Reverie and abstraction are moods characteristic chiefly of men who pass their days in abstract studies rather than in dreamland. Provided we do not allow our thoughts to be always idle and excursive, we may use, with pleasure and without danger, that kaleidoscope of life.

When oppressed with the minutiæ of existence we may withdraw into our enchanted palace amid the woody plains of dreamland, and may return to earth refreshed, invigorated, hopeful, as we return in the autumn from our holiday by the sea or among the mountains.

Sitting in our easy-chair in the chimney corner we may depose kings, lead armies to victory, astound the world with marvels of discovery and of eloquence, settle great political questions, and perform other prodigies of valor and skill.

Our dreams will harm no one, and will be no injury to ourselves, if we act upon the principle of producing to the utmost the serviceable illusions of dreamland.

NOTHING is more certain of destroying any good feeling that may be cherished towards us than to show distrust. To be suspected as an enemy is often enough to make a man become so; the whole matter is over, there is no farther use of guarding against it. On the contrary, confidence leads us naturally to act kindly, we are affected by the good opinion which others entertain of us, and we are not easily induced to lose it.

WE are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand, and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathies.

DOUBT is the vestibule which all must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not bought, but borrowed it.

NO MAN knows any one except himself whom he judges fit to be set free from the coercion of laws, and to be abandoned entirely to his own choice. By this consideration have all civilized nations been induced to the enaction of penal laws; laws by which every man's danger becomes every man's safety, and by which, though all are restrained, yet all are benefited.

CARE cannot be "rolled off" on to the ground, or "given to the winds," or "cast" into the sea, or drowned in a cup. There is only one disposal, aside from bearing it one's self, which a sane mind can make of a care. It may be given to a living person, your friend or God. For a care is something that needs sentient attention of mind, either your own or another's.

NOTHING can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; when men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

THE passions are at once tempters and chastisers. As tempters they come with garlands of flowers on brows of youth; as chastisers, they appear with wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusion; they are fiends of torment in their inflictions.

EVERY man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling in him, which is properly himself, but to whom nevertheless he is often unfaithful. It is to this interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves, not to the changeable, every-day man.

AN old man once said, "When I was young I was poor; when old I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

ALL our distinctions are accidental; beauty and deformity, though personal qualities, are neither entitled to praise nor censure; yet it so happens that they color our opinion of those qualities to which mankind have attached responsibility.

WE have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.

IT is quite deplorable to see how many rational creatures, or at least who are thought so, mistake suffering for sanctity, and think a sad face and a gloomy habit of mind propitious offerings to that Deity whose works are all light and lustre and harmony and loveliness.

I WILL not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil of others and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil of others and not know it, is always dishonesty.

IN the commission of evil fear no man so much as thyself; another is but one witness against thee, thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid, thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

THE Chinese, whom it might be well to disparage less and imitate more, seem almost the only people among whom learning and merit have the ascendency, and wealth is not the standard of estimation.

THE great secret of getting on in the world—a secret which few have learned—is to know when to speak, and especially when to keep still.

The World's Happenings.

The Republic of Switzerland elects a President every year.

There are not more than 150,000 Quakers in America.

About 4,000 women are employed by the Government at Washington.

A New Orleans judge committed suicide because he failed to secure a renomination.

A pocket foot-rule of silver, folding into quarters, is a useful as well as ornamental article.

An eight-legged calf attracts attention in Cadiz, O. The curiosity is alive and able to walk.

F. W. Jenkins, of Pittsburg, fainted in his bath-tub recently, and was drowned before help came.

The English call an elevator a "lift;" the French call it a "help," and the Scotch call it a "drop."

A goat got into the Argentine (Mo.) Council Chamber the other day and devoured all the city records.

During a fight between two squaws at Reno, Cal., one of them bit off the finger of her opponent and swallowed it.

A peculiar case of nervousness is that of a lady in South Troy, N. Y., whose attacks, it is said, usually terminate with the dislocation of her jaw.

A blind physician of Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and is able to find his way, unaided, about the principal streets of the town with ease.

Last year, it is stated, Albany, N. Y., had 800 saloons in operation, while this year, under high license, but 226 liquor licenses have been granted.

Snow has fallen only three or four times in San Francisco in thirty years. The doors of nearly all business houses there stand wide open during the entire day in January as well as July.

The Dutch, it appears, are still taking Holland. Probably 1,000,000 acres of land have been reclaimed from the sea during the last two centuries, and the good work is going on at the rate of 8 acres a day.

Spencer, Mass., has public spirited citizens. The other day one of them gave 16 acres of land for a public park, another gave $30,000 for a high school and another gave $25,000 for a public library.

A woman who had deserted her husband and eloped with another man to Albuquerque, N. M., was killed recently by the accidental discharge of a revolver which the latter let fall from his overcoat pocket.

One of 13 men in a saloon in Plover, Iowa, stepped up to the bar and invited the rest to drink. A local paper says that not one of them stirred, so much were they under the control of the superstition regarding the number 13.

While visiting a young lady one evening a Stoughton (Wis.) youth put a pair of handcuffs on her wrists "for fun." In attempting to unlock them he broke his key, and so had to wake up a smith and bribe him to release the blushing damsel.

Page county, Virginia, had probably the most unique fire of the season—a house there having been set afire by the burning swallows that flew out of a chimney, and the fire having been put out with hard cider, several barrels of which happened to be at hand.

Thomas Stanley, a gypsy, lies in the Greenbush, N. Y., lock-up for having sold his wife to his cousin in West Troy, recently, for one dollar. It is stated the wife cheerfully acquiesced in the transaction, and that an agreement was signed by all the parties.

Lexington, Miss., has three feminine residents who play an important part in keeping the town in communication with the rest of the world. One of the ladies aforesaid is postmistress, another express agent, and the third has charge of the telegraph office.

Complacent burglars who entered a store in Chicago and secured $1,300 from a safe which they forced open, did not waste any surplus energy on the expedition, as they calmly rode from the office to the top of the building in an elevator before making their exit by the roof.

A Missouri wretch fired a pistol at a passenger train near Rich Hill, and the ball hit a passenger. It would have made a serious if not a fatal wound but for the fact that he had a plug of chewing tobacco in his vest pocket. The bullet struck the plug, and was thus stopped in its course.

A Hungarian miner who was recently treated by a physician at Phoenixville, Pa., had been living for three months at an expense for food of only two cents a day. He was earning $1 a day but ate only black bread. As a consequence his teeth were falling out when the physician began to treat him, and he was slowly starving.

There is a justice's court in Jasper court in Jasper county, Ga., where the Judge sits on a nail keg, when holding court, and when the case is given to the jury, the "good men and true" are turned into the horse lot to make up their verdict. While the jury is "out," the lawyers and court sits on the fence and crack jokes until the verdict is made.

At Birmingham, Ala., Dr. Jones discovered a raccoon in a back yard of a drug store, and took a novel method of capturing it. He procured a fish-pole, a sponge and chloroform. Standing at a distance he lowered the sponge to the nose of the sleeping animal, and held it there until the coon was stupefied. Then, fearing that he might be bitten, he arranged a lasso and caught the coon without difficulty.

Snakes are deadly enemies of the wild mice of Southern California, so the shrewd old mice take possession of birds' nests in the cactus plants and rear their young in them. A traveler relates that he has seen an old mouse run down the trunk of a cactus with half a dozen young ones holding on with their mouths to different parts of her body. Cactus bark is so sharp that snakes never try to climb the trunks of the plants.

AWAKENED.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Too long, too long in idle dreams
The moments pass'd away,
Too long, and yet to me it seems
They hover near to-day!
Like visions sweet, mine eyes they greet,
And will not from my gaze retreat,
But linger there alway!
And yet I know it is not so,
That from the hopes that lit the past
I have awoke—awoke at last!

Too long, too long I deem'd that love
Was sweet, and bright, and true;
Too long that it would stronger prove
With ev'ry hour that flew!
Ah me! ah me! if such could be,
I'd dream to all eternity,
And crave to live anew!
But well I know it is not so,
For from the hopes that lit the past
I have awoke—awoke at last!

At The Stores.

BY A. G. R.

SHE was tired. A long day at the Stores, with a July sun beating down upon the building, is wearying; but when to all the harassing calculations as to the necessary details of a boy's school outfit, from a woman's point of view, are added the necessities from that same boy's point of view, then is that woman's life a burden indeed.

"Oh, I say, aunt, I don't want any more pocket handkerchiefs; but I can't possibly go to school without a decent racquet."

And when this same boy seems to have solved the problem of perpetual motion, to say nothing of an ubiquitous presence, it is easy to understand the condition of mind and body with which Mrs. Dale finally suggested an adjournment to the refreshment-room.

Five minutes before she had seen the boy descending with interested face—which he vainly tried to make lordly and calm—in the lift, and had rejoiced over the prospect of some peaceful moments over the contemplation of socks, and here he was at her elbow again, with his usual preface to a new want:

"Oh, I say, aunt, what rot!" with a disgusted glance at the pile of hose on the counter. "I call that waste of money. I shall never wear all those things. It would be so much better to spend the money on a little spirit lamp and methylated——"

"And, pray, what part are those to play——?"

"Oh, to boil a fellow's kettle, or things. You never know——"

"My dear Steve, I know nothing. I thought I did, till I came here. But now I am willing to own my ignorance. Never will I pretend to the knowledge of a boy's necessities again. I am worn out—and have become a philosopher. We wear too many clothes. We ought to return to the simplicity of our ancestors, and clothe ourselves in blue paint and a fishing-rod. Let us go and have some tea. Perhaps a bun might be a reflection of some weight to your mind and body. If you can sit still five minutes without moving or saying 'Oh, I say, aunt you know'—I will give you seven."

He tucked his arm with eager, grateful affection into hers, and led her off to the refreshment room.

It was crowded; but after much important eagerness, with some slight pomposity, as befitted the dignity of his quest in her service, he found her a table.

The order was given to the waiter; but scarcely had the boy sat down than he bounced up again, having caught a glimpse of a "fellow" at the farther end of the room.

His aunt leant back wearily in her chair, as he plunged recklessly between the tables, looking after him with shining, loving eyes, which suddenly dilated and darkened into amazement, fear, anger, and a strange regretful pain.

A man had suddenly risen from one of the tables between her and the schoolboys. She had not noticed him as he sat; but now, when he rose and shut out the distant prospect of her sturdy young nephew greeting his friend, she saw nothing else but this tall, slightly-built man, with his face still pale from a recent severe illness.

His right arm was in a sling. He caught sight of her at the same instant. He hesitated for a second, his pale face growing paler.

Then he strode quickly towards her. She looked down for a moment, toying with the parasol on her knee. When she raised her eyes again they were calm and cold.

"Major Huddlestone!" she said with the same cold brightness, "what an age it is since we met!"

Major Huddlestone colored slightly as he took her hand, apologizing for doing so with his left.

"I know," she said hastily, her eyes not quite so calm; but the waiter brought up the tea and cakes, and at the same moment young Steve came ploughing back through the tables, regardless of the toes and feelings of the occupiers.

"My nephew," she said to Major Huddlestone; "and he is going to school in the autumn, and his mother asked me to bring him here to get his outfit. His name is Stephen Dale."

"Yes," said the Major.

It was a nephew of her late husband's. It made him think of that husband. Perhaps that was what she intended him to do, he thought, as he tugged at his fair moustache and looked gravely at the boy.

"And a jolly day we have had, too, though aunt is awfully tired. But we shall have to come another day; we haven't half finished."

"We shall have to come another day," she said, smiling with a sweetness that was angelic, considering what she had already gone through.

"And then we will see about that fishing-rod and things; and oh, I say, aunt, I really must have——"

"Another bun," said the Major good-humoredly. "I wish I could eat buns!"

The boy look up at him with scorn and some resentment.

"There's nothing to speak of in these buns. I could polish off a dozen."

His aunt and the Major laughed; and the sympathetic bond of that laughter seemed to draw them nearer each other. The brilliant coldness of her society manner vanished.

"Sit down in that chair and talk to us," she said genially, "if you are not in a hurry."

It was hardly likely that he would be in a hurry, when he had not seen her for fifteen years, but as he had never been gifted with eloquence when his deep feelings were concerned, he could say nothing now, and simply sat down on the third chair at the little table. He found it easier to look at and talk to the boy.

"And so you are going to school?" he said. "What are you going to learn to be——?"

"Oh, a soldier. Aunt says that any fellow she cared——"

"Steve," said his aunt with a sweet severity, "don't speak with your mouth full."

"It isn't!" indignantly. "I never do, since you told me I looked like a pig in a hurry. Of course, I'm going to be a soldier, though Uncle Sam is angry and says it's only an excuse for being idle and dressing up! But then he doesn't know one end of a gun from the other."

"Uncle Sam—Mr. Samuel Dale, of Mincing Lane—has a large tea warehouse, in which is waiting a stool, its three legs pointing to wealth, consideration, and turtle soup unlimited," said his aunt, in explanation to the Major.

"Just as if he would I ever catch me sitting on it!"

"But still Uncle Sam is a wise man. He knows what makes life comfortable. I think you ought to follow the legs of that stool!"

"There now!" in derisive and hurt scorn, "that's just like a girl. When you know that you've always been talking to me of the brave things soldiers do, and only two months ago I found you crying——"

"Steve, there's your friend beckoning you. Go and see what he wants. Boys do chatter so!" she said irritably to the Major, as Steve dashed off, "or else they don't——" with a sudden recollection which she as hastily put away. "Have you been long in England?"

"Only ten days. I am leaving again in a week."

"Leaving it again?" It seemed as if her breath caught a little. "Have you been at home much during the last fifteen years?"

"Not once; I came this time because——" He colored, and glanced down at his disabled arm.

"Oh, yes! I know," she exclaimed, her face flushing into such a lovely color and eagerness that the shadow of fifteen years vanished from it, and it was again in his eyes as the girl-face which had been so fair to him fifteen years ago. "I read all about your splendid deeds——"

"Such a dufler as that fellow is!" exclaimed Steve, at her side. "He has eaten more cakes than he can pay for."

She broke into a laugh. It was a little hysterical, but the Major, utterly confused at her allusion to anything so personal as his late proceedings, did not perceive the false ring, and Steve was too much bent upon getting his friend out of his unfortunate gastronomical difficulty.

Her thoughts had gone back to the days when this man—this hero with his grand simplicity and modest gentleness—used to come to their house to spend his leave with his friend, her elder brother, under whose care she was.

She was only in the school-room then, but it seemed as if, even in those days, he had not treated her as a child, so courteous, so kindly, so gentle he used to be. He would leave her brother's other guests to ride, or talk, or walk with her.

She had grown to look forward to his visits, careless, and light-hearted, and thoughtless as she used to be in those school days.

And then her thoughts went forward suddenly to the last time she had ever seen him. She was grown up then. It was her seventeenth birthday, and that day she had been presented.

Major Huddlestone—only Captain then—had come, with some other friends, in the afternoon to see her in her Court dress. But, in some way, it happened that they two found themselves at last apart from all the rest, and he had looked down at her in a different way to what he had ever done before.

He grew pale as he told her how his battery had been ordered to India, and he had just begun a sentence when her brother came up and stood between them, making some foolish trivial remark.

The sentence had never been finished. She had never seen Major Huddlestone from that day to this. He had sailed with his battery a week later, and did not even come to say good-bye.

She had never quite forgiven her brother for breaking off that sentence, until the day he died, some ten years ago. She was married then to a rich city merchant. This marriage had been her brother's wish.

Thomas Dale was a good man, and had been a kind husband to her. He had been dead now three years, and she was a rich widow and free again.

But the man who had begun that sentence so long ago, had never shown any wish to finish it.

All these thoughts, flashing through her brain, hardened her heart against him. She would not ask him to call on her.

"Do fly to that wretched victim of buns and tea, Steve," she said, putting her purse in his hand; "he looks wild and despairing; and then settle our own account. You can join me in the drug department afterwards. Good-bye, Major Huddlestone."

It was awkward shaking a man's left hand, so she only bowed and turned away. The Major stood, pale and upright, looking after her, as if he never expected to see her again.

She had not given him an opportunity of meeting her again. Then he suddenly remembered the boy.

Steve had just finished settling his friend's account, and was rapidly returning to discharge their own.

The Major looked at him. The boy's face was honest, and his eyes were kindly and true; and he seemed fond of his aunt, though he had done his best to worry her out of her life.

"Will you do me a favor?" he asked.

The boy looked astonished, contradictory, suspicious. He had a vague idea this might be the preamble to a request to relinquish his beloved profession.

He was accustomed to this form of address when any virtuous, and therefore unpleasant, sacrifice was to be asked of him.

"It depends," he said, with a defiant negative in every feature.

The Major pulled out a card-case, blushing red as a girl.

"Look here," he said awkwardly, "the next time you come here I want you to drop me a line to this address, and tell me the day and the hour you will be here."

"Me!" in unmitigated surprise.

Was he hoaxing him, or was he meditating some useful "tip," in the way of bat or fishing-tackle?

"Your aunt, too, of course," said the Major, more awkwardly than before. "But I want you to promise me that you won't tell her."

"I don't know," said the boy, after a pause, during which doubt, incredulity, dismay, chased each other across his frank face. "You see, aunt hates me doing anything underhand. She says a fellow who's a sneak isn't fit for a soldier."

"But I don't want you to be a sneak," said the Major, looking dreadfully ashamed of himself. "I only want you to send me a line to that address. It will be all right; only I have a reason for her not knowing. I will tell her all about it afterwards."

The boy fidgeted on his feet; but his eyes did not falter in their vigilant steadiness.

"I won't promise. Aunt says that if a fellow gives a promise, he ought to stick to it. She knew a fellow who once did that," he wondered why the Major blushed so again, "and nearly gave his life to keep it. But then she says, one must think well before promising."

"Very well," said the Major quietly. "Think it over. If you still think it is best not to give it, tell her all about it. But I wouldn't ask you to do a mean thing."

There was something in the quiet strength of his face, in the steady look of his eyes, that inspired confidence.

"If I write and let you know, and we come, I may tell her afterwards what I did?"

"You may tell her anything you like, afterwards. Nothing will make much difference then," he added to himself.

* * * * * *

"DEAR MAJOR HUDDLESTONE.—If I had known that you were the one who did such splendid things two months ago, and got wounded, and all that, I would have given my promes at once, for I know you wouldn't do a meen thing. I asked aunt, and she said you couldn't, though of corse I didn't show her your card, nor tell her what you asked me not to. When I read your name on the card in the hansomb, aunt was looking out in front and didn't see. I jumped so that I trod on her toes, and couldn't keep my feet still and she got a little angry, but I kept your card hidden and didn't say a word. Do you think I shall ever get in the army? I want to do brave things, like you; but aunt says I shan't, becos I can't spell as if speling had anything to do with spiking guns, or going without food for two days that the other sick men might have more, and carrying your friend from under fire. Could you spell well at my age? If I had heard aunt call you by your name this afternoon I should have known at once, and could have ask't you how you got into the army. Aunt and I have been talking about you ever since. She told me it was you that kept that promes and saved the gamekeeper's life, and nearly lost your own with the poochers. And I know she had been crying, for her eyes were red when she was dressed for dinner, and I think she cried because you did such splendid things. For she cried before, that time you got promoted. Girls are so funny, they cry when we want to shout Hip Hip Hooray. Yours truly,

STEPHEN DALE."

"I must not forget to say that we are going to the Army and Navy Stores the day after to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and I shall be glad when it is over; for though I know it isn't a meen secret, aunt's eyes always seem to go through a fellow when he has got one."

The Major could quite understand the latter sentence. He felt quite depressed already at the thought of meeting those clear, grey eyes, with the guilty consciousness upon him of having corrupted her faithful follower to act traitor against her.

It was difficult to say which felt most ashamed and uneasy, Major Huddlestone, or the schoolboy, when they met at 11 o'clock at the entrance of the Stores. She was there, and her pleasantly-expressed astonishment at meeting Major Huddlestone again made Steve grow as red as a young turkey-cock, and the Major look anywhere, rather than meet his desperate, remorseful, glowering young eyes.

Steve had seen how white she had grown at first catching sight of the Major, and he knew at once that he had done dreadfully wrong.

It was some slight relief to see her greeting him without anger a few seconds later, and to hear her saying that she was glad to see him again before he left England. This relief grew as, walking behind his aunt and the Major, he heard one or two whispers from people passing them, as some men here and there recognized Major Huddlestone, and pointed him out as the man who had, at the head of a forlorn hope, spiked the enemy's guns the other day.

In spite of his remorse, his heart began to swell with a kind of proud possession. He was in fellowship with this splendid man and soldier.

He forgot how slender and precarious the link between them was. His former confidence in him returned, and with the determination that he would tell his aunt

"all about it" directly they left the Stores, when the term of his promise would be ended, he gave himself up to the entire enjoyment of the position. He had been walking slowly and moodily behind, as he revolved the points of the situation.

Now he hurried upstairs after them to catch them up, and to enjoy every moment of his hero's company. His aunt had stopped before the millinery department.

They were waiting for him apparently, as they watched him, bounding up stairs as if he were the most interesting thing in creation.

The fact was that, owing to some thoughtlessly expressed reminiscence of Mrs. Dale's of her old school days, the conversation had suddenly come to an end between them.

Steve flung himself like an avalanche upon them.

Major Huddlestone had left his sling at home that day. He did not wish to offer her his left hand again, nor did he intend either, to let her go without their hands meeting.

That light warm touch of hers had sent a throbbing of exquisite pleasure through his being.

But when the young Steve, rough, impetuous, full of eager pride and delight, flung himself on him, and thrust his own arm through the wounded one, the sharpness of the pain sent the man white to the lips.

"Oh, Steve! Steve! See what you have done. Oh! Major Huddlestone, he has hurt you," Mrs. Dale said, with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes, which drowned their hardness and coldness, and set the beautiful mouth quivering into tender, pitiful, loving lines.

"It is nothing," he said, and to prove it, laid the hurt arm about the boy's shoulders, and though every moment was physical torture, he was scarcely conscious of it in the exquisite delight that filled his heart and brain.

At the revelation of her face, a great inspiration came to him.

"He does not want to buy old ladies' caps," he said. "Let him come with me, I want to look at a gun. How long will you be?"

"About a quarter of an hour," she said.

The next quarter of an hour was one of unmitigated bliss to Steve.

As for the Major, it may fairly be said that for once in his life he was not conscious of any difference between one end of a gun and the other.

He bought something at last, or rather Steve, who discussed the matter in its fullest bearings with the attendant, bought something for him.

The Major was only possessed with one idea—to get back to the millinery.

"We mustn't keep your aunt waiting," he said, sinking deeply and shamelessly into the gulf of hypocrisy. "I will leave you to settle. Wait here until I come back. I shan't be long."

"All right, sir," said the boy, delighted to obey such a man, still more delighted at his obedience being required in such a spot, where the atmosphere was redolent of sport and war.

There was food for amusement and contemplation for hours.

Besides, it was something even to pay with another man's money for such a gun as he was still lovingly handling.

The Major had to wait five minutes at the entrance to the millinery before she came out.

"Where is Steve?" she asked, suddenly feeling shy and nervous without his innocent, blustering presence.

"I have promised him an ice," said the Major unblushingly, so easy grow the steps of deception when the first one is taken. "Will you come to the refreshment-room with us?"

It was the only place he could think of. It was not a very private place, but there was always the chance of a table in the corner.

Fortune favors the brave. There was a table unoccupied, and, as if this man were her particular favorite, there was no one seated at the tables in the immediate neighborhood.

He would have to make haste. People would be trooping in to luncheon.

But when the Major once came to a decision he always set to work to carry it out on the spot.

He had made up his mind to spike those guns which were pouring such a deadly fire on his dying and wounded comrades, and he had buckled on his sword, and walked out and done it.

He ordered ices for three as the waiter bustled up. The ices were brought, and began to melt in the heat immediately. But neither he nor she noticed that they were there.

"A man feels strange coming back to England after so many years' absence," he said. "There have been so many changes."

"You should not have stayed away so long."

"What was there to bring me back?"

"Were your old friends of so little account then?" she exclaimed with a flash of angry disdain.

"I had not many friends in England—you know that I had no relations that I cared for. And then one of my best friends died—I should have liked to have seen your brother again."

"Dear Matthew! He was a very good brother to me, and I loved him dearly. But I think he was a little hard—where girls were concerned. He did not understand them."

She thought of the arguments he had used to induce her to take that rich elderly merchant for her husband, and felt bitter; but then she remembered the tender kindness of that husband, and was softened and remorseful. But the vague unease and restless dissatisfaction which had stirred her through all that wealthy, comfortable, tenderly cared-for married life, forced her into speech again; perhaps because this man's presence had made her so acutely sensitive to them. "He thought that a woman had only to marry a husband who could give her food and fine raiment to be happy!"

"But you were happy in your married life! If I had thought otherwise——"

"My husband was tenderness itself to me," she said as he stopped. "And what would it have mattered to you whether he were good or not, considering that you could not even take the trouble to say good-bye to me when you went away! And we had been, I thought, such good friends!"

"I could not! If I had, I should have broken my promise to your brother!"

"My brother! Your promise!" Her breath came hard and fast, and there was something in her eyes which made his fall for a moment before hers, so foolish, so heartless, so needless, did that look in them make that promise seem to-day. "Tell me what it was!"

"I will not say anything of that promise now. I will only tell you that it nearly broke my heart in the keeping of it. But I had given it, and I kept it. Do you remember that day in the drawing-room? I was nearly mad with your sweetness and beauty. I began to say something, and then your brother came between us. He was right; for it was dishonorable of me to speak then. You were only just beginning your life. It would have been a shame of me to try and fetter you before you even knew what life was; and I was poor. Your brother saw what I felt for you. He was very sorry, but he made me see that I had no right to try and win you. He said truly that I had nothing but my love to offer you. You would not be happy, as a poor man's wife. He said too, that if you had grown to care for me a little, it would only be a girlish fancy, which you would soon forget, in the pleasures of the life opening to you. So I promised to leave you free, and I went away."

She drew in a long breath.

"Ah! How hard you both were to me!" she cried.

"But I loved you! Oh, how I loved you! I have loved you till this day. I would have come back when you were free, but I thought that you must have forgotten all about me. I remember the sentence I had begun, and I felt that you would hate and despise me for not having come back to finish it. Milly! Milly! Let me finish it now. I can't go away without you. Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The ices melted away in their glasses, people came and went, and wondered as they ate their own luncheon, what those two in the corner had to say to each other, they talked so long and earnestly together. The waiter grew tired of hovering about to see if they meant to pay for the ices they had so recklessly wasted.

It was she who was suddenly aroused to the lapse of time by the remembrance of Steve.

"Where can the boy be?"

The Major's face was a picture of guilty dismay and contrition. He remembered his command to the boy.

They went off hurriedly to find him, the Major confessing his sin in making him an accomplice to their meeting. They found the boy where they had left him.

He had waited patiently there for nearly two hours, and at last, in utter weariness from the heat and inaction, had sat down in a corner and fallen fast asleep. The attendant, smiling, pointed him out to them.

"He wouldn't go away, sir, as he had promised to wait for you here."

"He shall have that gun for his own. I am his debtor for ever!" said the Major, touching the sleeping boy on the shoulder.

"When he is old enough!" she said hastily, as the boy sprang up into eager, wakeful life. "I will not have him shoot himself before he can become a soldier, to make another woman as proud as myself."

His eyes answered her. And there were no three persons so happy that day in the Stores as the beautiful woman, the Major and the school-boy.

The Coquette's Victim.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

ISABEL MARWOOD was a coquette of the first water. It was the one end and aim of her life to conquer the hearts of the opposite sex.

What she should do with them when conquered she never thought—never cared. She only knew she had no use for them after they had taken on her chains. She cast them off with as little compunction as enters into the feeling of the wanton urchin when he flings away the bright-winged butterfly that has been so unfortunate as to excite him to the chase.

She was a queenly girl, in stature and in carriage. She had seen the full measure of the first score of years, and realized that time was passing; but not yet would she surrender.

She sometimes told herself, and told others, she never would marry. Liberty was too precious a thing to be sacrificed for a husband.

In fact, she seemed to regard a husband as not only the most useless commodity in the market, but the most plentiful. Husbands were as thick as blackberries—to be had for the taking.

She once said to an elderly female friend, who had advised her to be on the look-out for a proper life-companion, "Bah! If you mean a husband, I have twenty lovers, safely in hand, from which to select, and could have twenty more if I wanted them."

She was truly beautiful—proudly and regally beautiful. She was tall, but not too tall, with a form like that of Canova's Venus; her complexion was of that rich olive tint—just shaded down from the pure white and red rose—which is so warm and tender, so soft, and so harmonious with voluptuous beauty.

Her eyes were like black diamonds, set in two seas of liquid pearl; and her hair, which curled naturally, was of the same jetty hue.

When Isabel Marwood had completed her twentieth year, she could count the lovers she had won and thrown aside by the score; yet she had broken no heart.

She had caused pain and anguish—suffering more than she could know—but thus far the swains who had worn her chains had not loved with that depth and power which makes life itself captive as well as the heart.

After a time they had found consolation; and more than one of them had lived to feel really thankful that he had not been accepted. But the tragedy was coming.

If there was any one young man in our social circle who, more than any other, held the love and esteem, and good-will, and heart-born admiration of all who knew him, that man was Philip Darcy. He was four-and-twenty years of age, a perfect Apollo, so far as manly beauty was concerned; and his moral and mental qualities were of the very highest order.

His parents were both dead. His mother had passed away during his boyhood; and his father had followed when he was in his twentieth year—the year in which he graduated at Oxford, with exceptional honor.

His father, at the time of his death, had been far from wealthy. Philip himself had been left to administer the estate; and when all debts had been paid, and everything settled, there had been enough left to support him comfortably while he was rounding out his education, and perhaps a little more.

He had chosen the law for his profession, and when he had spent three years in the best law school he could find, and another year in the chambers of an eminent jurist, he went to the Continent, and spent a full year in study there.

It was not a trip of pleasure, though he found pleasure in it; nor was it a season of recreation.

It was a twelvemonth of close application and hard study; and on his return to his native land he feared not to enter the legal lists, and couch his lance against the best of them.

At the time of which I write, Phil Darcy had been six months at home from the Continent, and had chosen his old home and the circle of his old friends and associates as the field of his professional labors.

He had established himself in a central location, with a first-class office, an excellent library, left him by his father, who had been a lawyer before him, and was ready for work.

On the day that he opened his office the first time in his capacity of a solicitor, I chanced to drop in upon him. When he had told me somewhat of his plans, he smilingly said, "Now, dear old fellow, you must pray for my success.

"I don't owe one penny in the world that I know of, I have no expensive habits, the rent of my office is paid for a year in advance, and"—taking out his wallet, and showing me two bank-notes, one of twenty pounds and one of ten—"I have just that amount left, and it is all."

I told him that I had but one item of advice to give him.

Said I, "If you have money in your pocket, lend it if you will, but never, never do you give your name to another man's paper, or become bondsman for one too poor to pay."

He looked at me, and a shade of sadness came upon his handsome face.

"Ah!" said he, "you need not tell me that, for I have sworn an oath covering that ground. Do you remember my father's experience?"

I had not thought of it when I spoke, but it came to me then.

His father had been reduced from comparative wealth almost to penury simply by putting his name upon the back of another man's paper, and to the day of his death he had suffered from the result.

Within the first month of his practice, Philip Darcy had become famous. Through the influence of one of his father's old friends he had been engaged by a large wealthy manufacturing corporation to defend them against the suit of a rival on the matter of a patent right.

He took the cause, and won it against heavy odds; and his fee was a percentage of the amount involved, amounting to between five and six hundred pounds.

And from that time his success was assured. Not only was his docket full, but he was forced to turn applicants away for want of time to serve them.

Upon Phil Darcy Isabel Marwood fixed her piercing eye, and bestowed her siren smiles.

He was game worth capturing. At first she failed. The young lawyer had two shields.

The pressing call of his profession was one, and a love almost as old as was his memory was another.

Colonel Richard Gordon had been one of his father's dearest friends, and the Colonel's daughter Mary had been his playmate, his schoolmate, and his very dear friend from childhood to the present time.

No word had ever been spoken between them of marriage, nor, directly, of love; yet they loved one another dearly, and neither had ever thought of loving anybody else.

Philip was waiting until he had become safely established in business before asking Mary to be his wife, while she was patiently and lovingly looking forward to the happy time.

Had Philip Darcy ever spoken to Mary Gordon of love he would have been true; but the bond had never been assumed, so, in that respect, he was free.

For a time the siren plied her arts in vain; but the time came when success crowned her efforts.

She was very quiet, apparently unassuming; looking her part, but never speaking it. No serpent charming the bird upon which its gleaming orbs of fascinating light are fixed could have held to its purpose with less of outward demonstration than did she.

She met him frequently; met him oftener and oftener; and, when the proper time had come, she whispered sweet nothings into his ear, her deeper speech being made in tender sighs and tenderer glances from her ravishing eyes.

But why tell how she did it? She had set herself to the task, and she accomplished it.

And when Philip Darcy loved, he loved with all his heart. Mary Gordon had remembered as a dear friend—a sister—still held in esteem; but nothing more.

Isabel Marwood had become his queen, his angel, his life. To her he had given himself wholly and entirely.

Without her his life would be life no longer. To lose her would be losing all that made life worth living—all that the future held for him in store.

She went with him further than she had ever gone with any other lover; and she did it because she loved him.

Yes, whether she knew it or not, her heart had at length gone from her—had given itself away. She let him hold her head on his bosom, and she returned his ardent kiss.

Never had she been kissed by a young man before. Four weeks—O such sweet Elysian weeks!—Philip was in an earthly heaven.

His business was beginning to suffer. He could only think of his angel—his queen.

She monopolized his thoughts and his time.

At length he resolved to marry—to establish a home, with his darling to share it; and then he could attend to his clients. That his queen could refuse him he had not dreamed.

He would as soon have thought the sun would fall from its course, or the earth fly from its orbit.

He told me, years later, that he had never felt so proud, so passionately happy, or so rich in heart-wealth as he did on that evening, while on his way from his chambers to the home of his beloved.

And as he went, he thought to himself how little he had known of love—of real heart-love—until he had known his queen. More than ever was he satisfied that it had been only a brother's love he had felt for Mary Gordon.

He reached the dwelling of his angel, he stopped awhile upon the step to quell the tumultuous throbbings of his heart, and then went in, finding Isabel alone in the front drawing-room, playing with one of her pugs—a snub-nosed cur which Phil had never been able to endure until he had come to know his charmer's pugs.

She gave him one look, and was frightened. With all the wit and artifice at her command, she sought to put off the fateful moment; but she could not.

With the wild impetuosity of his nature when deeply in earnest and excited, confident, too, that the blessed consummation was at hand, he caught her in his ardent embrace, gave her one impassioned kiss, and then asked her to be his wife—to bless him beyond all blessing that man had ever known.

He was going on with a picture of his love, when she broke from him, and turned and faced him. She stood proudly, defiantly erect, her finely-cut nostrils distended, her eyes literally blazing, and her whole frame quivering.

She was angry—angry with herself because she had suffered her own heart to betray her; and angry with him because he had seen and taken advantage of it.

Never mind the words she spoke. She rejected him—she scorned him—she wondered at his daring and at his self-conceit.

But he did not stop to hear her through. The iron had entered his soul; and in those first few moments he had seen what manner of woman he had loved.

He rushed out into the night—it was night everywhere to him then—rushed forth as utterly mad as ever man was. Where should he go—what should he do to subdue the fire that consumed him?

In other years Philip Darcy had been beset by one evil habit—the love of strong drink; and there had been a time when his friends had feared for him, when he had drank so deeply and so often as to become a drunkard!

But he had conquered it nobly—heroically conquered it; and since the day on which he entered the office of the aged jurist who had been his first legal tutor he had not touched the, to him, fatal cup.

Blindly, recklessly, caring for nothing,

his life a chaos, he plunged on, and, without thought—without premeditation—he turned into a gorgeously furnished and brilliantly-lighted saloon, where a merry, jovial crew were holding high wassail.

Fully a half of them he knew. They hailed him rapturously, and made way for him. Ah, here were friends, indeed!

"A short life, and a merry life,
And we'll drive dull care away."

So he sang before he had been half an hour in the new companionship.

Towards morning two of his companions helped him home. Towards noon, on the following day, he awoke and sat up.

It was a considerable time before he could remember; but memory served him after a time, and it all came back to him. What was life to him now?

The blow had been terrible. As there had been no sense, no reason, in his passionate adoration, so there was no sense, no reason, in his anguish of disappointment.

As soon as he could perform a hasty, careless toilet, he descended from his room, and left the house.

His tongue and his lips were parched; his brain reeled; his nerves were all unstrung; and straightway he sought the Lethe that could give steadiness to his shattered nerves, and forgetfulness to his tortured soul.

There is no need that we should expose the madness, the sorrow, the dread calamity, and the downward, downward course, of the next twelve months!

For one whole year Philip Darcy drank fearfully. The tears and prayers of his friends had no effect to restrain him; no shame, no suffering, no degradation startled him from the road to utter ruin.

Now and again he would pick up a cause in the way of his profession; and once, when he was so intoxicated that it was difficult for him to stand without extraneous support, he made a plea to a jury in a county court, and won a cause which it was said, at the time, no other solicitor living could have won.

At the end of a year, however, he had fallen so low that he was forbidden most of the courts.

Late one evening, as Philip was wondering the streets, not very badly off, a friend took his arm, and carried him home.

As they entered the small reception-room, they heard voices in the drawing-room beyond. One was that of the hostess; the other, Isabel Marwood's!

Darcy knew it in an instant; and, having heard his own name spoken by the lady of the house, he grasped the arm of his friend and held him still.

And in a moment more he heard Isabel Marwood speak these words—they were burned into his brain, and he could not forget them. "Yes, I rejected him. And wasn't it a fortunate thing for me that I did so? Heavens! what a life for a wife to live! Yet I pity him. I do certainly pity him!"

Philip threw his friend's arm from him and rushed from the house, and daylight found him walking, not the streets, but a quiet, secluded cross-road away out in the country.

She—she—pitied him! She had been fortunate in rejecting him! "Heavens! what a life for a wife to lead!"

He repeated the words over and over again. And then he thought of a friend who resided only a few miles distant from where he then was—a farmer, and an uncle to Mary Gordon. He resolved to go to him and stay with him until he was strong. The good man—Archibald Gordon—had asked him repeatedly during the last dreadful year to do so.

Archy Gordon received him with open arms and an open heart, never hinting to him that Mary was at that time stopping with him.

And thus it came to pass that Mary Gordon became Philip Darcy's nurse, for he was very ill—almost at death's door—as a result of the course he had pursued; and but for the tender, watchful, tireless care of Mary, he might never have arisen from his couch of suffering.

And now, as the cause of suffering became a couch of bowing, he knew which was the true love and which the false.

Before he had become strong enough to leave the house, the playmate of his childhood, the friend and companion of his youth—his loyal and truly beloved Mary—had promised that if he lived, and needed her, she would favor love him more.

Another thing happened while Philip was an inmate of Archy Gordon's dwelling—as acceptable as it was unexpected.

A man whose paper his father had endorsed for several thousand pounds, and which he—the father—had been obliged to honor, had been away in the land of gold, and had gained a new fortune; and he had now come to make to the son full restitution for all that the father had lost on his account.

And he did it, giving to Philip Darcy a check for more than five thousand pounds, and the check was honored when presented at the bank.

A few days before Christmas, Philip and Mary were married.

Isabel Marwood, who had not seen her discarded lover for almost a year, tossed her queenly head, and gave to poor Mary Gordon her pity.

On New Year's Day there was a jubilee at Gordon Grove. Philip Darcy, handsomer than ever, had won his first cause since the opening of the new life, and from that time his course was onward and upward.

Two years passed, and a man came out in society with a grand splurge. An old Fitz Warren, he claimed his name. He carried things with a high hand, and cut a wide swarth.

Isabel Marwood fell into the trap at last. Arnold Fitz Warren must have believed she had money, or he never would have bothered himself with marrying her. At all events, he proposed, and was accepted, and the marriage speedily followed.

Just one week later an officer made his appearance with a writ, and took Arnold Warren's (the "Fitz" had been a mere fancy of the moment) splendid equipage for debt.

And a few days after that, while Isabel's husband lay in the drawing-room, drunk, another officer came with a warrant, and took the man himself.

He had some difficulty in carrying him off, but he did it. When the terrified wife asked the stranger what her husband had done, she was told that his shortcomings were too numerous to mention. Theft was the particular crime set down in the document under authority of which he acted.

Isabel Marwood never saw her husband again, but she occasionally saw Philip Darcy, and she saw his happy, blooming wife; and the time came when she looked upon his bright-eyed, beautiful children, and she knew that he and they were blessed beyond measure, not only in the brightness and the joys of their home-life, but in the honor, and esteem, and enduring friendship of all who knew them.

And thus seeing, and thus knowing, the years crept upon her space. What her thoughts—what her feelings—who shall say?

JEWISH BUTCHERING.—Though the Hebrews, by contact with people of other beliefs and customs, have in many instances given up their old methods of slaughter, it is still very prevalent among them. According to their belief, no one but an ecclesiastical functionary is allowed to kill any animal whose meat is to be used for consumption. This important personage is called "Chochar," and the manner of butchering is thus described:—

The doomed animal's head is drawn down to a ring in the floor, whereupon a rope is fastened to the left hind leg, which is hoisted up until the body falls over upon its side thus compelling the animal to stand upon the fore feet, with its head resting upon its horns. The chochar, armed with a long knife, the blade of which is some two feet in length, and as sharp as a razor, rubs his hand over the neck in order to find a soft place, and then deftly and quickly draws the deadly weapon across the animal's throat. He is only allowed to make one cut and two slashes. No one can touch the animal until it has bled to death. When life is extinct the carcase is laid upon its back to be dressed.

The first thing done by the chochar is to insert his arm inside the carcase and ascertain whether the lungs are perfectly free from the rim. If such is found to be the case the lungs are drawn out and placed upon the table, and thoroughly tested, in order to ascertain their condition; for upon this depends the healthfulness of the meat. The test is accomplished by blowing up the lungs.

If found to be air-tight, the chochar attaches his official seal to the meat, and no meat can be sold to Hebrew customers unless so branded; the seal contains the word *Kosher*, or "Holy," printed in Hebrew characters.

The entire process is in accordance with the rules laid down in Mosaic law. According to the strict orthodox law, a chochar is required to repeat a prayer before doing the killing. He receives about one dollar a head, which makes the position quite lucrative.

Calves and sheep as well as beeves, are required to be killed in the manner described by the Mosaic law, and the poultry are all killed by the chochar. The Jews are required to pick the poultry dry, instead of scalding the feathers with hot water as the Gentiles do.

THE LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.—The average age of cats is 15 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; of rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived, one by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70 years. Elephants have been known, it is said, to live to the great age of 400 years.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after.

The pig has been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but the average age is 20 to 25; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10.

Cuvier considers it probable that whales live 1,000 years, the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died in Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known, it is said, to live 300 years; and a tortoise has been known to live 107 years.

An old bachelor editor thus, in his spite, comments on a recent moonlight: "We left our sanctum at midnight last night, and on our way home we saw a young lady and gentleman hooking a gate on its hinges. They were evidently indignant at being kept out so late, as we saw them bite each other several times."

WITCHCRAFT.

THE belief in witches and witchcraft was very general in colonial times. There was much excitement in England during the the reign of King James I. on the subject, and the excitement naturally spread to America.

In Virginia there were several instances of witchcraft, which were disposed of by ducking the victims.

In Pennsylvania we find the only witchcraft case recorded in 1683. A woman was tried, on perfect trivial evidence, for bewitching cows and geese. The council, presided over by Penn, found the woman not guilty according to the terms of indictment, but guilty of common fame as a witch; and she was bound to the sum of $500 to good behavior.

In other colonies there were reputed witches, but only in Massachusetts was the extreme measure of putting them to death adopted. Previous to the extraordinary excitement about the Salem witches, there had been several executions on this charge in the Massachusetts colonies.

The latest instance has been the hanging of a women in Boston in 1688, accused of bewitching four children. During the winter of 1691-92 a company, consisting mostly of young girls was in the habit of meeting at the house of the clergyman, Mr. Parris, of Salem village, to practice the arts of necromancy and magic. They soon began to exhibit strange actions, falling into contorsions and spasms. The village physician, being applied to, said that the children were bewitched, and a council of clergymen held on the subject agreed with him. When the children were questioned they accused three women, one of them an Indian, of having bewitched them. These persons were brought before the magistrate for examination on March 1, 1692.

The excitement in the village became very great and spread itself through all the neighboring country. Other children became affected, and many persons—at first only the poor and friendless, but afterwards some of the most upright and respectable persons in the town—who endeavored to stem the tide of popular delusions by protesting against it, were accused of being witches.

A special court was opened in the first week in June for the trial of the cases, and several sessions were held, the last opening on September 9.

Nineteen persons—six of them men, including one clergyman, and thirteen women—were hanged during the four months following upon the first meeting of the court. Another man, who stood mute at his trial, refusing to plead was subjected to the penalty of being pressed to death with heavy weights upon his body.

A reaction of public sentiment now set in, and though another court was held during next January, at which three persons were condemned to death, none of these were executed; and in May the Governor set free all those accused persons then in jail to the number of fifty. Governor and judges who had been a year before so energetic for the punishment of the witches, now confessed themselves at fault, and repented of the share they had taken in the prosecutions. No similar excitement ever occurred in any of the colonies.

A FITTING PUNISHMENT.—A St. Louis exchange gives the following account of an episode which was witnessed by reportorial eyes:—

"Two young men, the escorts of two plainly dressed but sensible looking ladies, about 18 and 20 years respectively, occupied seats in the dress circle at Pope's last night. It is doubtful, however, if these same couples will ever be found again in each other's company at that or any other theatre. They all went to the play house together last night, but there was a division, and that an unusual one, too, when they went home.

The young men were apparently fond of cloves, and at the end of the first act rose from their places, crowded out along the row seats in which they sat, making two ladies and gentlemen stand up to let them pass out to the aisle. They went out at the side entrance that leads to the refreshment room. Their lady escorts were not pleased at the idea of being left alone between the acts, and one of them proposed they leave the theatre while the young men were out, and go to their homes.

The other lady was more conservative, and said that, as only the first offence had been recorded, it might be better to give the young men another chance. The clove-eaters returned, pushed their way back to their seats and the play went on, the young ladies all the while showing their disapproval of the actions of their escorts by appearing distant and chilly towards them. When the curtain rang down on the second act there was a demand for more breath perfume on the part of the young men and they went out again.

They had not been gone but a moment when the young ladies also got up and left the theatre. Calling a cab at the door they were driven rapidly away. The discovery of the vacant seats flushed the faces of the young men on their return, and they, too, left without ceremony."

THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.—To admit that our shoes hurt because they are too small. To listen cheerfully to a twice-told tale. To love a bore because he is good. To remember debts as vividly as we remember debtors. To be grateful in proportion to the intention of the benefactor, rather than in proportion to what we receive. To feel as deep a remorse before as we feel after being found out.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Report speaketh well of an 18-year old maiden of Blue Hill, Maine, if it be true that she allowed her parents to go away for a vacation during the past winter, while she staid all alone day and night, took care of a yoke of oxen, a horse, three cows and a hog, and a large flock of sheep and hens and chickens. Besides this she is credited with doing the fall spinning, and harnessing her own horse to take her butter and eggs to market. Last summer she picked and sold $25 worth of berries and made trousers at 12 cents a pair, earning enough money to clothe herself.

A few days ago a Boston lady was informed by her servant girl that a box of flowers had been left at the door for her. Being occupied at the time, the lady told the servant to open the box, sprinkle the flowers with water and put them on the ice, adding that she would attend to them when she went down to tea. The box really contained a new spring hat which had been ordered, but was forgotten at the time the servant reported the arrival. Only the flowers were to be seen when the box was opened. The servant followed her orders explicitly, and the flowers were so thoroughly drenched that from a "perfect love of a hat" it became a limp and worthless mass of discolored ribbons and straw.

I hear, says the well-known London paper, *Truth*, that a large house an unexceptionable quarter has been taken for the season by a syndicate consisting of a woman of title, a man of fashion and a wine merchant. These enterprising people will let the house to any wealthy snob who desires to give a ball, and it can be hired at an exclusive charge, which will not only cover rent, light servants, decorations and music, but also smart dancing men (provided by the man of fashion), eligible females (provided by the woman of title), and a first-rate supper (provided by the wine merchant). I am told that four balls have actually been arranged for, one of which is to be given by a provincial politician of some notoriety.

An Austrian chemist claims to have invented a fluid of the most destructive properties. This fluid when brought into contact with the air, after the explosion of a shell in which it has been contained, is transformed into a gas, which, being heavier than the air, descends to the ground, killing all men and animals within its reach, and moreover destroying iron, bronze, and other metals, as well as setting all inflammable things on fire. So at least the inventor declares in a letter published in one of the Vienna newspapers, and he adds that as far back as 1868 he offered his invention to the Austrian War Office, which, however, declined both then and on a subsequent occasion to make experiments. For this reason he now gives publicity to his invention, as his patriotic feelings do not allow him to reveal his secret to foreign Governments.

A romantic story comes from Clayton, county, Ga. Back in '69 one Mann fell in love with a local beauty, and all arrangements for their wedding were made; but subsequently the father-in-law interposed an objection to the young man because of his politics. The bride too, suddenly became adverse to marrying him on that account, and so the day set for their wedding she was united with another suitor. The rejected groom at once disposed of his property in the county and removed to Texas, where he has since lived and is said to have grown rich. About a year ago he visited the scene of his former country days to find that his sweetheart had a daughter, aged 18, who bore a most striking resemblance to her mother. He lost no time in proposing to her. She accepted, and this week is set for the wedding—which will make his old time love his mother-in-law instead of his wife.

A new industry has been created in Boston—that of the "artistic caller." A Boston lady, finding herself unable to cope with her daily tale of visits, fell back upon a deputy, who went the rounds, leaving cards and making the usual inquiries. Now the custom has come to be general in Boston, and most great ladies employ an "artist" to do their formal visiting for them. The artiste is usually found to be a young lady of elegant mien, good address and tact. Her duties are said to be strongly suggestive of repairs to her employer's house, and the job of visiting cards left the day before, studying the visitor's books, and making out her list of visits to be returned, the cards to be left. Then the carriage of the modest cab comes round, and the artiste starts upon her polite mission. The idea is not a bad one, and it partially solves the problem as to what we shall do with our girls. There is no reason why the artistic caller should not flourish elsewhere as well as Boston. Many busy women would find a "lady help" of that sort very useful.

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Our Young Folks.

PUPPET-HANS.

BY HENRY VEITH.

MANY of you little folk, I daresay, know the Black Forest is in Germany, and some day perhaps you may go there and drive through it. When you do I wonder whether you will meet with the old German fiddler whom I call Puppet-Hans.

Perhaps Puppet-Hans will be dead by that time, and when I tell you that Hans played his puppets with his feet, and his violin with his hands at the same time—not only did he do that, but he sang too, nodded his head, and laughed as he played, and chatted to children between whiles—you will confess that old Puppet-Hans was a funny man.

I was walking one day from Basle (you can find it on the map—it is spelled Bale or Basel sometimes)—I was walking from Basle to St. Blasien in the Black Forest, when in the afternoon, as I went along by the river which runs close beside the road, I thought I would have a bath.

There were some nice cool sheltered places and deep pools, so I made a barrier of stones and kept the water in one dark basin between the rocks—just as young people do at the seaside to keep the tide away from your sand castle—only at the seaside we do it to keep the salt water out, and in the river in the Black Forest I did it to keep the water in my big basin.

I had a nice dip in the cool little river which runs away down the valley to the big Rhine, and was walking along to the town when I suddenly discovered that I had left my belt—in which was my money on a big stone in the river! All my money was in that belt in a pocket which ran round it.

I turned and ran back again to the place where I had bathed, but no belt was there! I hunted about, waded in the river, and searched wherever I fancied I might have left my belt, but I could not see it.

All I found was a big doll dressed something like a soldier with a cocked hat, and looking very wet and limp—poor dolly.

Without thinking much about it, I picked up the doll, intending to give it to some little girl by the roadside, or the little town when I got there; and I was still searching for my belt, my eyes fixed on the pebbles in the river-bed and on the rocks, when I suddenly heard a voice cry out—

"Ach! So! My goodness!"

I looked up, and there stood a tall, well-dressed, elderly man, carrying a green baize bag under his arm. He carried a stick in his right hand, and he was prodding the stones, and evidently searching for something in the water, or amongst the pebbles.

"Guten tag," said I, which in German means good-day.

He replied, and rattled out a long sentence in German, so very fast that I could scarcely understand him. Then he bowed, and held out his hand for the doll.

"Did you lose it?" I asked rather surprised that such an old man should play with dolls like a little girl. "Is it yours, sir?"

"Ya!" he replied; and he pulled from his pocket—a big pocket it was too—another dolly dressed in a kind of Polish dress trimmed with fur with a velvet fur-trimmed cap on its round woollen head.

But I nearly jumped for joy when the old man pulling out the doll pulled out something else with it—and that something else was my belt! I recognized it at once, for it was white and worked with daisies and forget-me-nots, and had a silver clasp and hook, a present from a kind friend at home.

"That is my belt, sir," I said; "I left it on the stones when I was bathing."

"So," said he. "There it is, take it! Give me my puppet!"

Of course I gave him the doll, and then we went along the road together. He had seen me bathing while he was dressing up his puppets, and one had dropped into the water. In his search for it he had found my belt, which we both agreed was a very fortunate event.

We walked on together, and then he asked me where I was going. I told him; and he asked to what hotel.

I said to the "Eagle" which I knew was a comfortable inn.

"Come with me," said he. "We will lodge with Frau Steppenbach, a nice woman in the village yonder. It will be cheaper. I will pay with my puppets."

"I can pay," I began, when he stopped me, and said in broken English—

"No, sir, you finded mein bobbet, and we vill make him 'bay de biber' as you say."

I laughed. We chatted, and after a walk by the river and up a path to the left of the road near St. Blasien—where there is a beautiful church—we came to a neat cottage on the hillside, quite hidden amongst the pine-trees.

"This is the place," said the old gentleman. "We can lodge here."

The door was open. He peeped in, but in a moment he was seen and pounced upon by three children, all girls, who kissed him on both cheeks, and were delighted to see him.

After a while Frau Steppenbach came in the yard at the back, and she seemed very pleased too. They did not mind me at all until the old man, whom they called Father Hans, introduced me, and they welcomed me very kind y too.

We were sitting down to supper when a lad rushed in and kissed his mother warmly, but in a moment he ran to Hans and kissed him also.

Then he said, "Father Hans, where are your puppets, and where is your violin?"

"They are all yonder," said the old man; "and after supper we will have a dance."

So after supper old Hans brought out his puppets, quite dry and tidy now, and put on the floor a flat piece of wood, into which he stuck an upright piece of stick.

To this stick he tied a string, and to this string he fastened the puppets. But I wondered how he could play his violin and make his puppets dance at the same time.

"You will see, sir," said the lad; "you will see."

Old Hans, who was wearing a kind of tasselled, nightcap; took his violin from its green bag, and then placing one foot on the flat board, tied the free end of the string around his leg. Then he began to play, and the two puppets began to jump and dance in the funniest way imaginable.

I kept out of sight in the corner until he had finished, and then, thinking to amuse the children, I did some simple conjuring tricks; made pennies stick on the wall, or disappear into the air, after which they were found in Old Hans' big pocket. So the evening passed very pleasantly, and at ten o'clock we went to bed.

Next morning I bade Frau Steppenbach and her home "farewell." She would take no money, so with a present for each of her children I said "good-bye," shook Hans by the hand, and started on my further way.

A CURE FOR A SCOWL.

BY PIPKIN.

THE Princess Ingracious (which name means "Ungracious") was one of the loveliest in the world. "She had," said the poets of the kingdom, "a skin creamy and satin-like as the lily, lips like the heart of a rose, a blush like that of a sea-shell, eyes like the blue of pansies, and hair like sunbeams."

One wrote verses to the bridge of her nose, another praised her eyebrows; but one of them said a word about the deep scowl in the middle of her forehead.

The poet who had dared to mention this only blemish in her beauty would infallibly have gone without his dinner for a year to come.

Mirrors, however, will tell the truth; and the Princess was continually sending east, west, north, and south for a cure for a scowl, till one day there came an old woman to the palace gate.

"I want to see the Princess!" squeaked she.

"Go away, you old witch!" cried the guard.

But the Princess called out of the window, "Let her come in! Who knows but she has something to cure my scowl."

Then the Lord High Fiddlestick jumped up, and said he, "Your Royal Highness—pray consider, your Royal Highness. Take time to reflect, your Royal Highness. Pray consider that she is an old woman, which is a very bad thing, your Royal Highness; and a poor old woman, which is still worse, your Royal Highness."

"Nonsense!" cried the Princess, and turned up her nose.

The moment the guard saw her nose turn up, they opened the gates; and the old woman walked into the hall, where the Princess lay on a green and gold sofa, kicking over her maids of honor, who knelt before her, whenever they gaped, and trying, with a saucer of chalk and cream, to rub the scowl out of her forehead.

"Have you got anything to cure my scowl?" asked the Princess.

"No," said the old woman;" and there is only one person in the world who has."

"Who is it? Where is it? My Lord High Fiddlestick, order a hundred thousand soldiers to go and get it at once," cried Ingracious.

"Your whole army can't get it, Princess," said the old woman. "If you really wish it, you must go yourself; for it is in fairyland, and Lilla, Queen of the Fairies, is the only one who can give it you."

"And how can I get to fairyland?" asked the Princess.

"Go to the first brook, drop a rose and a diamond in the water, and say:

"'All kind powers lend your hand
To help me on to fairyland.'

Then you will see a road open, plain and broad before you. That is the way to fairyland."

"Good!" said the Princess. "My Lord High Fiddlestick, look up the old woman. If she speaks the truth, she shall be made First Lady-in-Waiting. If she has lied, she shall lose her head."

But no sooner did the Lord High Fiddlestick lay his hand on the old woman's arm, than she went up the chimney with such a breeze that she knocked the Lord High Fiddlestick down.

At that the Princess was in such a rage that she kicked over every one of the maids of honor, and threw her saucer of cream at the Lord High Fiddlestick's head; but as that didn't bring the old woman back, she started off the next morning to find fairyland, to the joy of the Court, who hoped that she might never come back.

Arrived at the brook, she dropped the rose and diamond in the water, and said:

"All kind powers lend your hand
To help me on to fairyland."

And at once, as the old woman had said, stretched away a broad road, leading up, up, till it seemed to vanish in the clouds.

There were no rocks, no hills, no trees,—nothing but the roads and clouds on each side; but the Princess was not afraid, and went bravely up, till she came to a mighty rock of clear and sparkling crystal, higher than her palace, smooth as glass, and so large that it filled up all the road.

While she stood looking at it in dismay, came out on the top of it an ugly little voice:

"Ill-nature makes that ugly scowl,
Pride and angry passions foul.
If you this would fain ascend,
You must your manners greatly mend."

Instantly the Princess fainted away. It was the first time she had ever been told the truth in her life, and the shock was too great.

When she recovered, she found herself on the green and gold sofa again; and looking in a glass opposite, saw that the scowl, if possible, was worse than ever.

As she always did, when angry, she lifted her foot to kick over a maid of honor, when she fancied that she heard the dwarf singing:

"If you would fain this rock ascend,
You must your manners greatly mend."

So she stopped: and that evening, just as she was about to throw a silver goblet at her sister's head, she recollected herself, and only called her a few hard names.

The whole Court was in amazement. A whole day had passed, and no one had been kicked or beaten about the head.

Everybody ordered a hundred new handkerchiefs, for they all thought the Princess was about to die; but three months passed, and the Princess, who fancied that the scowl was growing fainter, behaved so well that the Lord High Fiddlestick and the maids of honor almost forgot to dodge when she stirred on the sofa.

At length the Princess started again for fairyland.

She dropped the rose and diamond in the brook, and said over the words the old woman had taught her; again the road opened before, and she went on till she came to the crystal rock, in which was found steps cut, broad and wide, so that it was easy enough to go up.

As she went on, little flowers began to spring up around her feet, and she heard all around her birds and falling water; but she saw nothing till she came to a rock of diamond, ten times as high as the rock of crystal. As she stood looking at it, voices began to sing.

"She who o'er this rock ascends,
Should take more care how she offends.
Patient against herself must fight,
A year must struggle to do right."

As before, the Princess fainted, and found herself, on recovering, in her own palace again. A year was a long time to wait, and the conditions were hard. When she tried to be gentle and patient, she was astonished to find how easily a trifle aroused her to frenzy. Still harder was it to think of others, when all her life she had tried to give trouble to everyone, and pressed herself with saying rude and cruel things. Sometimes she was ready to give up in despair, but then the scowl looked so ugly in the glass, and she would almost bite her tongue in two to keep back the disagreeable words that were on her lips.

And so the year rolled away, and again she travelled the fairy road till she came to the diamond rock—a rock no longer, but a stair-case, that led up to a palace of rainbow arches, in which was a throne of pearl, and on the throne the fairy queen, with a crown of stars, who waved a wand, and at once hundreds of gay-feathered little birds began to sing:

"She who so well herself hath trained,
Has, by that victory, all else gained.
Mortal, turn around and see
The charm that love has given thee."

The Princess turned quickly about, and saw a fountain, whose waters fell in little, slender, silver-like threads. As she looked, these water-threadlets joined together, and formed one smooth sheet of water, in which she saw herself. The scowl was gone. The Princess screamed with delight. At once came running the maids of honor, and "Oh! what is it?" and "What's the matter?" cried they.

The Princess told the story. The courtiers looked at each other, and whispered that she had been asleep, and had never left the palace; but, be that as it might, the scowl was gone. And from that day the Princess proved so kind and gentle, that her name changed to Gracious.

HER WRATH NOT TURNED AWAY.—They had had a tiff, and he was anxious to clear away the ominous lines at the corners of her mouth.

"I see that dresses are to be worn longer than usual next season," he observed, glancing carelessly up from the pages of his morning paper.

"Well, if they are to be worn longer than I am compelled to wear mine they'll have to be made of sheet iron," she replied with a look that, he afterwards confided to a friend, fairly convinced him that she was not quite at peace with him.

NUMBER OF WORDS USED.—We are told on good authority by an English country clergyman that some of the laborers in his parish had not 300 words in their vocabulary. * * * A well educated person who has been in a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, the leading papers, and all the books of a circulating library, rarely uses more than about 800 or 1000 words in actual conversation.

Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions and wait till they find the word that exactly fills their meaning, employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. The Hebrew Testament says all it has to say with 5642 words, Milton's works are built up with 8000, and Shakespeare, who probably displayed a greater variety of expression than any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words.

BRISTLES AND THE APPLES.

BY L. M.

IF ALL tales be true, the hedgehog is a clever little fellow. Of course you know that he is useful in the garden, for he clears the soil of slugs and snails and worms.

Then he has proved in the household a real friend, since by his fondness for black-beetles (or cockroaches, as they should be more properly called), he has often completely banished these pests.

Though he is classed among insect-eating animals, his food is not limited to insects, and he will even eat fruit. Gamekeepers, however, accuse him of worrying baby birds and stealing eggs.

But of all the cunning deeds the hedgehog does, I think his climbing trees and knocking down apples or pears is about the cleverest. This skill has been denied him by some writers, and certainly it looks almost too wise. At the same time there seems to be no doubt but that he is able to carry fallen fruit away to his nest.

Now, how can so small a creature, with a mouth much too little to grasp an apple, manage to take such big articles home? Before answering this question I must tell you of two things about the hedgehog which you need to know in order to understand this cleverness of his, although I am well aware that many readers are already familiar with them.

In the first place then, the whole of the upper surface of his body is covered with hard roundish spines about an inch long. For instance, when he is attacked he has to roll himself up into a thorny ball, which only enemies wiser than himself know how to tackle.

The second point is that the hedgehog is one of those creatures who are active by night, sleeping in their dens during the day. Now, I think, in three scenes, we shall soon discover that it is not so hard as it looks for a hedgehog to take a large number of apples home at once.

Scene I.—We are in the orchard. There has been a high wind, and a good many apples are lying on the ground. The farmer walks round with us and says that his boys will be busy for an hour or two in the morning, picking up the fruit.

Then we go in to supper. Next day, the farmer's little nieces go gather plenty of apples, but in the silent watches of the night there had been another visitor who had been also hard at work.

Scene II.—Shuffling along on the outlook for a meal, a hungry hedgehog came upon the apples. If these animals think, this one must have thought that good fortune itself sent him to Farmer Shooter's orchard on that particular night. Here was food enough to last for weeks lying on the ground under his very nose. But how to get it home? If he bowled the apples along in front of him with his feet it would take him all night to roll one home, as he soon found out by trying the plan for a few minutes. He wasn't going to waste valuable time in that fashion—not if he knew it! So he stopped for a while and put on his considering cap.

Scene III.—Presently a merry twinkle beamed in his bright eyes. Had he been human he would have laughed and called out "Eureka! I have it!" But as he was only a hedgehog he gave utterance to some pressed-like grunts, and proceeded to work out his clever scheme for the capture of as many of the apples as he could seize within the few hours before daylight did appear. Moving to a short distance from a pile of the fruit, he rolled himself up into a ball and then sharply and suddenly uncoiling, he turned half a somersault and fell with his back upon the apples. This was a bold stroke, but it answered his purpose; for such was the force of his spring that the prickles of his skin pierced more than a score of the fruit.

And having obtained what he wanted, the hedgehog regained his feet and started for home without delay. How strange he must have looked to his family with his coat of apples! How, too, it must have amused them, when told about it, to hear of their father's experience as an acrobat! But the risk he ran would make the meal all the sweeter; and, besides, was not an apple-feast an agreeable change from their usual banquet of beetles?

A CAMDEN burglar was captured by an alarm clock, which he had seized, going off just as he was about to leave the house. An alarm clock can always be depended upon to go off at the wrong time, though this time it fortunately went off at the right time, notwithstanding it was the wrong time.

A DEBATING society is discussing the question as to which is the madder—the husband who goes home and finds that dinner isn't ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband doesn't go home? It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

SILENCE is the safest response for all contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble steep,
I stretch my hand for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region beyond the skies,
And I long to reach its shore;
For I know I shall find my treasure there—
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

HAIR AND BEARD.

No one knows who first introduced among civilized men the tonsure of the chin. The shaven polls and faces of ecclesiastics date from the time of Pope Anacletus, who introduced the custom upon the same literal authority of scripture that still causes women to wear bonnets in our churches, that they may not pray uncovered. The shaving of the beard by laymen was, however, a practice much more ancient.

The Greeks taught shaving to the Romans, and Pliny records that the first Greek barbers were taken from Sicily to Rome by Publius Ticinius in the four hundred and fifty fourth year after the building of the city.

The Greeks, however—certainly it was so with them in the time of Alexander—seem to have been more disposed to use their barbers for the pruning and trimming than for the absolute removal of the beard, and of that ornament of the upper lip which they termed the "mystax," and which we call—using the same name that they gave to it, slightly corrupted—moustache.

In the best days of Greece few but the philosophers wore unpruned beards. A large flowing beard were in those times as naturally and essentially a part of the business of a philosopher, as a signboard is a part, in these days, of the business of a tradesman.

The idea that there existed a connexion between a man's vigor of mind and body, and vigor of growth in his beard, was confirmed by the fact that Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosopher, earned pre eminently the title of the Bearded.

Among races of men capable of growing rich crops on the chin, the beard has always been regarded more or less as a type of power. Some races, as the Mongolians, do not get more than twenty or thirty thick coarse hairs, and are as likely to pluck them out as to esteem them in an exaggerated way, as has been sometimes the case in China.

In the world's history the bearded races have at all times been the most important actors, and there is no part of the body which, on the whole, they have shown more readiness to honor.

Among many nations, and through many centuries, developement of beard has been thought indicative of the developement of strength, both bodily and mental. In strict accordance with that feeling, the strength of Samson was made to rest in his hair.

The beard became naturally honored, inasmuch as it is a characteristic feature of the chief of the two sexes (I speak as an ancient) of man, and of man only, in the best years of his life, when he is capable of putting forth his best energies.

As years multiply and judgment ripens, the beard grows, and with it grows every man's title to respect. Gray beards became thus so closely connected with the idea of mature discretion, that they were taken often as its sign or cause; and thus it was fabled of the wise King Numa, that he was gray-haired even in his youth.

To revert to the subject of shaving. Tacitus says that in his time the Germans cut their beards. There are now such things to be seen in Europe as the revolutionary beard, and not long ago in a small German State, a barrister was denied a hearing because he stood up in his place in the law court, wearing a beard of the revolutionary cut.

Not only custom, but even to this day law, regulates the cultivation of the hair on many of our faces. There is scarcely an army in Europe which is not subject to some regulations that affect the beard and whiskers. In England, the chin and—except in some regiments—the upper lip has to be shaved; elsewhere in Europe, the beard is to be cultivated and the whiskers shaven.

Such matters may have their significance. The most significant of whiskers are, however those worn by the Jews in the East, and especially in Africa, who, in accordance with a traditional superstition, keep them at an uniform level of about half an inch in length, and cut them into cabalistic characters curiously scattered about over the face.

As there are some communities especially bestowing care and honor on their beard, and others more devoted to the whiskers, so there are nations, as the Hungarian, in which the honor of the moustache is particularly cherished. The moustaches of General Haynau were about half a-yard long.

A Hungarian dragoon who aspired to eminence in that way, and had nursed a pair of moustachios for two years, until they were only second to Haynau's, fell asleep one day after dinner with a cigar in his mouth. He awoke with one of his fine nose tails so terribly burned at the roots, that he was obliged afterwards to resort to an art used by many of his companions, and to fortify the weak moustache by twining into its substance artificial hair.

Of a Venetian magnate, one author relates, that if he did not lift it up, he would trip over it in walking. Still worse was the beard of the carpenter depicted in the Prince's Court at Eidam; who, because it was nine feet long, was obliged, when at work, to sling it about him in a bag.

It has been calculated that a man mows off in the course of a year about six-and a half inches of beard, so that a man eighty years of age would have chopped up in the course of his life a twenty-seven foot beard.

We live in a season of fermentation, that some deprecate as change; others hail as progress, but those who venture, as they walk on their path through life, to scatter a few seeds by the wayside in faith and charity, may at least, cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down, or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life, at least, and of bringing forth fruit, little or much, in due season; for the earth even by the wayside of common life, is no longer dry and barren, and stony hard, but green with promise—grateful for culture; and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.

Grains of Gold.

Anger manages everything badly.

Use sin as it will use you: spare it not.

Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not.

Wherever the speech is corrupted the mind is also.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.

Example is a dangerous lure; where the wasp got through the gnat sticks fast.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

It is a lively spark of noblenese to descend in most favor to one whom he is lowest in affection.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we talk uprightly.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.

There is this good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

Some people thiuk black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace.

Femininities.

A maiden hath no tongue—but thought.

Old maids know what a miss-spent life means.

Argonia and Oskaloosa, Kansas, have women mayors.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.

Love cannot enter the heart without bringing with it a train of other virtues.

The postage stamp on a love-letter is the prettiest picture young eyes can rest upon.

Chorus of maidens: "The saddest words of tongue or pen—there's too many women and not enough men."

A Western man says he never knew the real meaning of a "red scent" until he went into an Indian wigwam.

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young woman, but sometimes it is a very small one.

When the coquette settles into an old maid, it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile.

Until a few years ago the late Kaiser Wilhelm exchanged photographs with every pretty woman whose acquaintance he made.

Nothing is rarer than a solitary lie; for lies breed like Surinam toads; you cannot tell one but out come with it a hundred young ones.

"I hear you are engaged, Mamie!" "It is true." "Then mother was right." "What about?" "That you would be engaged before leap year was over."

Leap year is a sort of wild delusion. The pretty girl has never any use for it, and the homely one is afraid to take advantage of its privileges for fear she will be rejected.

Some wicked rascal says "that he has invented a new telegraph." He proposes to place a line of women 30 steps apart and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

Queen Catherine, of England, was a notable needlewoman, and solaced her loneliness by practicing the art she had learnt from her mother, "who always made her husband's shirts."

If the moon were for sale on a bargain counter half the women in the world would want to buy it, and the one who did would spend the rest of her life wondering what on earth she'd do with it.

Of the six million women in Brazil only half a million can read or write. And in the remote districts, if a man has occasion to leave home he locks up his house and puts his wife in a convent until he returns.

A lady resident of Camden was asked recently what she thought would be the first thing women would do if they had the making of the laws. "Limit the number of lodge meetings," was the prompt reply.

The brilliant idea of having diamonds set in the teeth, for ornamentation, has taken root in Chicago. One woman has undergone the operation and several others have signified their intention to follow suit.

A rich lady in this city, noted for eccentricity, wears a large ring on one of her thumbs. This is reviving an old custom of two or three hundred years ago when the nobility used to wear signet rings on the thumbs.

Let the words of a virgin, though in a good cause, and to as good purpose, be neither violent, many, nor first, nor last; it is less shame for a virgin to be lost in blushing silence than to be found in a bold eloquence.

New butler: "If you are Mrs. Smith the missus is out; but if you are Mrs. Brown, please walk in." Visitor: "But I am neither; my name is Jones." Butler: "Well, if you'll just stay where you are I'll ask the missus."

Proud mother, haughtily: "You allowed yourself to be won altogether too easily, Edith!" Edith: "I suppose I did. But as Albert is rather bashful, and I am nearly 30, I thought it only proper to make it as easy as possible for him."

Lover, passionately: "My sweet! my darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine!" Fair maiden: "Oh, Fred, this is so sudden; I must have time——" Lover: "No, no! I must have my answer now, as I have my eye on another girl."

A Wilkesbarre woman has invented a baby wagon for the house. It is thoroughly padded and so constructed that even if it tips over the baby cannot be hurt. The handle bends under and makes a rocker, and it can also be arranged as a swing.

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly: "My mother has 'tended to me."

Fashionable spring colors in Paris this season possess some curious names. Green being the favorite tint of the season, there are "morning green," "new-born bud" and "early stalk," three very pale shades; "verdigris" and "serpent" both shot greens.

Miss Percilla Woody, of Lumpkin Co., Ga., who died recently at the age of 80, was so popular that all the girl children born in that section are named after her. The name of Percilla was always included, and some of the children carry as many as five given names.

Dame: "Didn't you know before your marriage that the man you loved had contracted the liquor habit?" Neglected wife: "Yes, I knew he had contracted the habit, and if it had only staid contracted I should not have complained, but after the marriage the habit expanded."

A lady made a naive reply when a censorious and conceited neighbor, vaunting her good figure, boasted that herself and her sister had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs. "That is the reason, I suppose," she said, "why your friends are always so glad to see them."

Masculinities.

Curses are like processions: they return to the place whence they came.

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have few of his own.

The man who is "wedded to art" generally lets his relatives support his family.

There are times when it would seem as if God fished with a line and the Devil with a net.

Every wedding ring that is worn is said to represent a man's imprudence and a woman's folly.

A little boy being told that Washington couldn't tell a lie, innocently asked: "Toodn't he talk?"

Bachelor logic. "Marriage is a lottery; lotteries are illegal; therefore I simply obey the law by keeping single."

Dogs are not allowed to pick their company. That is why you often see a $50 dog out walking with a 50-cent man.

"How to Make Your Wife Look Pleasant" is the caption of a newspaper article. The other way is to let her sit for a photograph.

No man can be wholly bad at once. Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the farther it goes the faster it will increase.

On Chestnut street.—Jones: "Ah, Smith, glad to see you; haven't seen you for a long time. Where do you keep yourself now?" Smith: "You don't know her."

A great many Inter-State cigars are smoked in town. They are so called because when they are smoked in Pennsylvania they can be smelled in New Jersey.

Don't try, if you are an ordinary man, to occupy two seats in a crowded horse car. Only women can do that and look as innocent as a lily-of-the-valley all the while.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

A Connecticut philanthropist has invented an illuminated keyhole that will enable men to go home at any hour of the night and be able to get in without rousing the neighborhood.

"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper; "what kind of a shirt is that?" "Just like mine," was the reply. And the wife resumed her reading.

He presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said, "Do not let any one else rumple it, darling." "No, dear," said the lady; "I will take it off."

"You see," said the meek old deacon, "when my wife wants a new shawl it's no use for me to object, 'specially when she looks at me, stamps her foot an' says, 'Deacon, I shawl have it!'"

The Japanese criminal of rank, on being sentenced to death, is presented with a fan, which he must receive with a low bow, and as he bows, presto! the executioner, draws his sword and cuts his head off.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, it is not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.

Things one would rather have left unsaid. Lady of the house, archly: "My husband is not at home, Mr. Goodenough. He's gone to call on some pretty women of his acquaintance." Caller: "Ah, I've given that up long ago."

As an incentive to young ambition it would be interesting to know how many people of prominence there are in our country who can look back to the time when they used to go to bed while they were having their trousers fixed.

Miss Gushington, enjoying a ride: "I think you have a lovely horse, Mr. De Lyle. About what does such a fine animal cost?" Mr. De Lyle: "Two dollars an how—oh—er—yes, that horse is worth about $300, Miss Gushington."

"Malvina" asks for a definition of volubility. Volubility is the distinguishing feature of a car driver when he is 15 minutes behind time on his supper trip, and an overloaded coal wagon breaks down just in front of him on the rails.

Miss Jenny: "I will always esteem and respect you as a friend, Mr. Oldboy, but—" Mr. Oldboy: "Very well; I know the rest by heart. You women are all alike; no originality. You are the fifteenth one who has said the same thing."

A man got into a London theatre the other night in a curious way. He had gone out between the acts, but having lost his check, the attendants, who did not remember his face, would not re-admit him, so he asked them to look at his coattails. The paint on his seat had adhered to them. The attendants were convinced and passed him in.

Smith: "I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow whom I devotedly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?" Dumley: "She is a widow, you say?" "Yes." "Every night in the week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday afternoon tea."

A druggist in New York was awakened at 4 o'clock the other morning by the violent ringing of the "night" bell. Hurriedly dressing, he hastened to the door, opened it, and eagerly asked the man who stood there what he wanted. "Say, mister, let me see your directory?" asked the visitor. Whish! slang! bang! The door closed, and the druggist retired a sadder and a madder man.

The following lines, circulated during Queen Elizabeth's reign, warns those about to marry in the following terms:

Who marrieth a Wife uppon a Monsday,
If she will not be good uppon a Twesday,
Let him go to ye Wood uppon a Wenesday,
And cut him a Cudgell uppon a Thursday,
And pay her soundly uppon a Fryday;
And she mind not, ye Divil take her a Saturday,
That he may eat his Meat in peace on ye Sunday.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Flower Girls of Marseilles," just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, is a novel of wonderful power, realism, and great interest. As in all his novels, Zola tells everthing, exposing vice in all its hideousness, and contrasting it with virtue of the sternest type. The plot is capitally worked out. Price seventy-five cents.

"Found Yet Lost," by E. P. Roe, is a good story well told. It mainly turns upon some incident in the late civil war, an officer, the tale's hero, being supposed killed in action, and afterwards found, but with memory shattered. Amid these circumstances is woven a powerful narrative of love and pathos. Published in splendid large type by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The frontispiece of *The Woman's World* for May, is a portrait of the Queen of Roumania, who is best known to the world of letters as the graceful poet "Carmen Sylva." A paper devoted to the life and literary work of the poet-Queen is illustrated with sketches showing the royal lady at work in her studio and in her library. Other articles are: "Nursing as a Profession for Women," by the Princess Christian, "The Drama in Relation to Art," "The Children of a Great City," "Summer Days in Brittany," "Pictures of Sappho," and "People's Kitchens in Berlin." That very important department "The Fashions," is particularly suggestive. Cassell & Co., New York.

The May *Magazine of American History* is filled with good things. Its frontispiece is an elegant and life-like portrait of the late Alfred S. Barnes, and its opening paper a sketch of his interesting career, by the editor. A scholarly study follows of "Ancient Society in Tennessee," which shows that the mound builders were Indians. The third paper of the number is the continuation of Prof. Hopkins' series of papers, "Between Albany and Buffalo." Hon. Charles Tuckerman contributes an entertaining paper, "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln." Then comes "The Fisheries Treaty—a Canadian View," extracts from the "Englishman's Pocket Note-book in 1828," "The Forum," and "Lessons to Makepeace." The several departments of this valuable publication form a small compendium of history in themselves. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The May number of the *Popular Science Monthly* is a strong and promising opening of its thirty-third volume. It contains Hon. David A. Wells' closing paper on "The Economic Disturbance Since 1873." This number contains also the first of three vigorous articles which recently appeared in the leading church journal of England, discussing "Darwinism and the Christian Faith," from the orthodox side. The same subject is treated from a different standpoint by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, under the title "The Relation of Evolution to Materialism." There is a bright article by Dr. Felix L. Oswald on "The Moral Influence of Climate," and another, appropriate to the season, on "The American Robin and his Congeners," by Dr. Spencer Trotter, with illustrations. Other articles are, "Is Combination a crime?" "A Great Confession," "Sound Signals at Sea," "The Future of the American Indians," and "Primitive Worship of Atmospheric Phenomena. The late Prof. Kirchoff is the subject of the usual sketch and portrait. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

BLINDNESS.—How far the sense of touch can be educated and the mental powers in the blind atone for or supply the place of the sense which is gone, is a question that should receive attention and consideration. The common opinion is that when a person loses his sight, the other bodily and mental powers are all stimulated and sharpened to such an increase of new, keen life as to supply the deficiency—touch, hearing, and intellect all becoming much more acute. But on the contrary, the best and most scientific experiments have established that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the loss of sight for a greater or less time shatters the whole frame work of mind and body, and the remaining senses and powers, instead of springing into new life and increasing in vigor, are weakened and depressed. A man does not become blind by merely shutting his eyes. His loss of vision seems to affect every part.

"Blindness," says Guillie, "not only deprives a man of sensations which belong to sight, but modifies and distorts all his thoughts." "A prodigious variety of sensations," says Sydney Smith, "which we suppose we derive from the eye, are really derived from the touch." Says an old author, "we can neither see the distance of any object, nor its size, nor figure; the eye originally sees nothing but surface and color." The eye itself is educated. "It sees," says Carlyle, "what it brings power to see. Thus the sailor at the masthead descries a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux detects a white fox amid snow; the astronomer a star where others see only an expanse of misty light." Milton wrote the greater part of "Paradise Lost" after his sight was gone. He became totally blind in 1652, and the poem was finished at Chalfont in 1665, where he had taken refuge from the plague. The opening sublime passage on Light, in Book III, proves at least that from Book II, the poem was written in darkess. L. W.

LAGGARDS IN LOVE.

A Russian custom, which is now fast declining, was designed to stimulate laggards in courtship. On Whitsunday there was held in the Summer Garden, one of the parks of St. Petersburg, a fair of all the damsels in the city who wanted husbands. Dressed in their best, with all the ornaments at their command, and holding silver spoons or other ware in their hands to show that they were not wholly portionless, they stood in rows under the trees, attended by parents or guardians to ensure propriety of behavior and to facilitate matrimonial bargains. The men in search of wives strolled about, scrutinising all the candidates at leisure.

When the man saw one who pleased him, he usually introduced himself to her custodians, and if his statement of family, business, and prospects was satisfactory, he was made acquainted with the young woman and invited to her residence. After this, the nuptial ceremony followed as speedily as the would-be bridegroom desired.

A custom precisely like this still exists in a district in the south of Ireland. There it is known as "shrafting," the name being derived from Shrove Tuesday, the day on which it was held. On that day all the marriageable young people of both sexes are marshalled on the village green by their parents—the girls in all the glory of Sunday gowns and gay ribbons, as lovely as fresh-blown roses, evidently enjoying their blushes; and the young men, also in their best attire, looking as foolish as only the male human can look on exhibition. The two sexes are stationed in line apart from each other, and the parents pass between to vouchsafe proposals or to receive them, and to haggle over marriage portions. The preferences of the young people are fully understood by the elders, and commendable effort is made to gratify them, the main object of the parents being to secure as good a set-out as possible for the young couple.

As this ceremony occurs on Shrove Tuesday, it is often a brief wooing to the willing victims, for Lent begins on the following day, which perforce postpones all marriages for six weeks; and the majority of the couples are united by the priest the same evening.

Instances have been known when ladies themselves have assisted a bashful wooer who feared to put his fate to the touch. Such was the case with the young lady who assured her lover that she could make a beautiful cake, all filled with fruit, with a ring on the top; and when the astonished swain exclaimed—

"Why, that is a wedding cake!" replied, "I meant wedding cake."

This brought matters to a crisis immediately.

More shrewd still was the young lady—and more daring—who told her admirer that she was a mind-reader, and could read what was going on in his mind at that moment; that he wanted to propose to her, but did not know how to do it; which, of course, permanently relieved the young man from his embarrassment.

A very bashful man having succeeded in winning a wife, a relative teased him to tell her how he ever plucked up courage enough to propose.

"Now tell me the truth," said she. "Did not the lady have to do the courting for you?"

"N-no," answered the gentleman; "but I own that she smoothed over the hard places for me."

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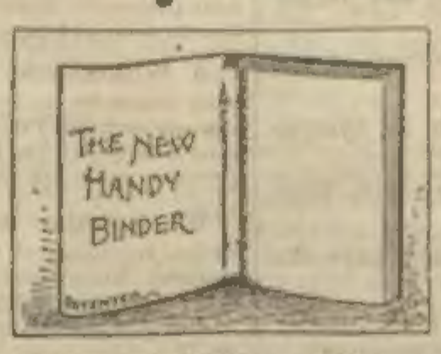

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A CRUEL WARRIOR.—Nearly every one has heard the yarn of the cup of tea and the crusty old hypochondriac; and if he has not he ought to have. It was at a church fair, and a female with lovely black eyes and coral lips, and tresses as black as the brow of midnight, and a yellow satin bow in her hair, and pearly teeth, and a well-modelled figure, and very plump arms, and a black satin dress, and—and—a variety of other things equally fascinating, took a hand. But the old warrior who asked for a cup of tea didn't seem to care about her charms. Instead of making a tender observation about the weather, he simply said:

"How much?"

She smiled, but it didn't affect him, and so she was driven back on the brutal truth:

"One dollar."

But not willing to surrender without a struggle, she raised the cup to her lips and imprinted upon its rim a delicate and almost impalpable kiss, and then added:

"It's five dollars now!"

The old crust had put down his dollar. He silently placed a gold eagle beside it, and looking remorselessly into her dark, deep orbs, said shortly:

"Give me a clean cup!"

THE fact that God has prohibited despair gives misfortune the right to hope all things, and leaves hope free to dare all things.

Right Here in Pennsylvania.

What Your Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance.

Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to be a party to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door:

WEST PHILADELPHIA, (3738 Centre St.) Jan. 1st, 1888.—My grandmother suffered ten years with kidney disease and irritation of the bladder. She could not walk straight nor could she sleep ten minutes at a time. She had several doctors, but they all failed to give her relief. She took "Warner's Safe Cure"—six bottles in all—together with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills" and was cured. This was four years ago and she has been well ever since. Her name is Mrs. Mary Evans, No. 3738 Centre street, West Philadelphia, Pa. All of my relatives as well as myself take "Warner's Safe Cure." I recommend it to all my friends.

Thomas Moore

WEST PHILADELPHIA, Pa., (852 N. 52d St.), Dec. 7th, 1887.—I can most positively certify to the merits of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I suffered and was pronounced incurable by prominent physicians. As a last resort, and without faith, I commenced using "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Tippecanoe" with most surprising results. Details would be revolting—it was one of the severest cases on record. I will gladly reply to any letter and will give particulars. I hope this statement will be the means of influencing some one to employ the same means for their recovery.

K. E. Baldwin

CHESTER, Pa., (710 Hinkson St.), Jan. 16th, 1888.—I have been cured by the use of "Warner's Safe Cure" of a very severe form of kidney disorder attended with excruciating pain so that I was unable to be on my feet for any length of time without the most unbearable pain. I think "Warner's Safe Cure" has saved my life."

Mrs Martha Boyd

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 14, 1887.—I have used half a dozen bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure" and have been greatly benefitted by it, and no other medicine can take its place.

James E. Acker

DALLASTOWN, Pa., Dec. 12, 1887.—"Warner's Safe Remedies" are well recommended, and I know myself that they have given me, as well as other people, great relief.

James K. Gayter

STARBUCCA, Wayne Co., Pa., Jan. 23, 1888.—I have taken a great many bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure," and can recommend it as the best medicine I have ever taken. "Warner's Safe Cure" has done me much good.

George H. Gay.

Humorous.

THE MODERN WAY.

"Whither thou goest will I go"
Is not the mode of later fashion;
Where marriage is for worldly show,
With more of prudence than of passion.
Now, "Where thy mother liveth I—
Subjected to her rule and forcing—
Must dwell, and never question why,
Lest there be question of divorcing."

Love goeth, but not as before,
With arrows slung upon his shoulder;
Love born in Wall street knoweth more,
A Cupid still, but sager—older.
"I'll love you, if your style's the thing,
Your gage d'amour the diamond's glitter,
Pin money—thousands every spring—
Or—matrimony will be better."

Time was when husband, wife were wed,
When each by each had been well chosen,
With summer's halo round each head,
Not withered chaplets, culled when frozen.
Time was when eyes looked into eyes
With glances sweet—Hymettus' honey—
When straight to Eden Hymen flies,
Not to that sordid kingdom—money.

What, where, whence cometh dual bliss
To strangers yoked and driven—harried;
Whose lips ne'er met in passion's kiss,
Who are for worldly reasons—married?
One day of olden wedded joy
Is worth ten thousand unbelieving,
Our later Cupid—tricky boy—
Is guilty oft of foul deceiving!

—U. N. Nonn.

A capital idea—Money.

Pay as you go, and don't go till you pay.

Why is a mirror like a great thinker?—Because it is a reflector.

Can a blind man be held for a bill which he accepted payable at sight?

Policemen on the beat—Those who are occupied in exercising their clubs.

Betting on a man's death is called life insurance. Money is paid over to friends of the winner.

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally the thumb-nail.

An ordinary domestic clock having unfortunately run down, it was observed that it had come to an untimely end.

Mrs. Partington, dear old lady, says there are few people nowadays who suffer from "suggestion of the brain."

A man may not go crazy by blowing into the muzzle of his gun, but the chances are that he will lose his head by it.

Can a woman keep a secret? Yes; who ever heard a woman say that her new black silk dress was partly made up of the old one?

A magazine writer asks: "Should fortunes be limited?" The trouble with most people's fortunes is that they are limited—very limited.

Eternal vigilance is the price of several things other than liberty. A cash drawer, a treasury and an umbrella require a perpetual vigil.

A New York newspaper publishes a Bible verse at the head of its editorial columns every day. Probably that is fresh news to a great many of its readers.

Guest: "Have you a fire escape in this house?" Landlord: "Two of 'em, sir." Guest: "I thought so. The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing."

"Indeed, it happened in less time than I take to tell it," said the lady, who was considered somewhat of a bore. "Oh, I haven't the least doubt of that," replied her patient and truthful listener.

A scuffle took place between some Irish laborers on a bridge, and, a battle ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very neatly turned over the parapet. Whilst he was floundering in the water he exclaimed loudly to his opponent, "Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me now, if you dare!"

Brown: "I say, Dumley, Robinson has threatened that the first time he meets you he proposes to knock some horse-sense into you. You want to look out for him." Dumley, contemptuously: "Pooh! It would take a dozen men like Robinson to knock any horse-sense into me."

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A Family Dinner.—A Scottish lord of session, usually retired to his country residence during that part of the year when no legal business was done. John Haggart, a Scottish advocate, equally idle from a similar cause, went to shoot, and happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who invited him to take a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter.

John accepted the invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup, and veal cutlets on the other; calf's foot jelly between the soup and roast veal, and calf's brains between the stewed veal and soup.

"Noo, Mr. Haggart," says his lordship, in his blunt way, "you may think this an odd sort of dinner; but ye'll no wonder when ye hear the cause of it. We keep nae company, and my daughter caters for our table. The way we do it is just this: We kill a beast as it were to-day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

Entombing a Sparrow.—A pair of barn martins spent two days in constructing one of their mud nests under the eaves of a barn in Warriorsmark township, this State. These nests have a small hole in the side for ingress and egress of the birds. When the nest was completed an English sparrow took possession of it, and defied all the frantic efforts of the martins to dislodge it. The story goes that the rightful owners of the nest tried for a whole day to dispossess the intruder, but, being defeated, they brought mud and deliberately plastered up the hole in the nest; hermetically sealing it, and entombing the pugnacious sparrow in the home it had usurped. The martins then built another nest at the side of the first one, and are occupying it as if nothing had happened.

If our occupation is sedentary, we need to plan for walks and rides, and active games to keep our muscles active and serviceable. But if our employment gives us enough muscular action, it is not one wit less important to our health of body that we should plan for mental exercise. And, in either case, that life must be a dwarfed and unhealthy one that does not provide for our spiritual faculties—for worship, and charity, and patience and magnanimity.

He Planted The Bottle.—A short time ago a Basuto of South Africa, whilst ploughing up what used to be the camp of the Cape Mounted Rifles, found a bottle of French brandy which had been buried and forgotten by some over-provident trooper. It is needless to add that the Basuto promptly drank the contents of the bottle; and with a faith that is almost sublime he buried the empty bottle in the ground again with the hope of getting a crop of full bottles next year.

Monsieur and madame have a little quarrel at the dinner-table, and they begin to throw plates, glasses, and knives out of the window. The servant hastens to assist in the work, and sends the soup tureen, roast beef, and wine bottles after them. "Hold up there, you idiot! What are you doing?" cries the monsieur, stupefied with astonishment. "I thought," replied the domestic, "you were going to dine in the garden."

"Will you be kind enough, pa," said Bobby, in a low, well-modulated tone of voice, "to give me another piece of pie?" "No, sir," replied the old man, "you've had enough. "Ma," said Bobby, with a dubious air, "you told me that politeness always pays."

Grafton—"Lucky fellow, that Robinson. Went out West two years ago, you know." Robley—"And prospered, I suppose?" Grafton—"I should say so! He's actually been able to come back here without borrowing any money."

Brown—"How is business with you, Dumley?" "Slow, very slow; nothing doing at all?" Brown—"How about that little bill I sent you three months ago?" Dumley—"Well to tell the truth, I haven't had time to look it over."

"Never give a boy a shilling to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week; because it is money thrown away," says a genius who speaks from what he knows.

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A Form of Slavery.—Many people will be astonished to hear that a modified form of slavery still exists in many parts of Germany, where it is the custom for the local authorities to dispose of any orphan child who is so unfortunate as to be left on their hands. An advertisement is issued, and on the specified day the would-be owners of the waif assemble. The person who, for the lowest sum of money, will take the child, promising to educate, clothe, and care for it, becomes its master. The rights which are thus conferred are sadly abused. Only a few years ago the same fashion prevailed in Massachusetts; and in the last century, it was not unknown in England.

To take care of him when he was a baby, the present Emperor of China had eighty nurses, twenty-five fanners, twenty-five bearers for his palanquin, ten umbrella holders, thirty physicians and surgeons, seven chief and twenty-three inferior cooks, fifty dressers, fifty waiters and messengers, and other servants and attendants to the number of over four hundred more. And yet his mother, so it is reported, would rarely allow any one save herself to nurse him. His spiritual welfare was looked after by a corps of seventy-five astrologers, sixteen tutors (all of high rank), and sixty priests. Some of these people must have had very little to do.

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals—particularly dogs. Says Smith, "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds Fitznoodle, "I've got that kind of a dog myself."

Mathematical (a fact).—Visitor—"Well, my little man, have you any brothers?" Fredoy—"Yes. I have one, but my sister Stella has two." Visitor—"Why, how can that be?" Freddie (in some astonishment)—"Me and my little brother, of course?"

"I ask nothing from anybody," said a capitalist to a young man who had called on him to see if he would not lend his assistance in a new venture. "No," was the reply, "I've observed that. Whenever you see anything you want you just go ahead and take it."

Moral strength is the highest kind of health.

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We have been putting some Best Quality Navy Pattern Printed Percale into Men's Shirts with as much care as if made to order. You shall have the Shirts at $2 each, with 2 collars and 1 pair cuffs. You would pay us $3 if made to measure.

Send a letter for anything in the store, samples or goods.

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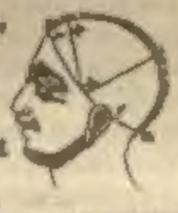

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Mrs. E. S. De Saussure, for five years Assistant to the Lady Principal at Vassar College, will open the house No. 171 Joralemon Street, for the benefit of young ladies wishing to attend the sessions of the Packer Collegiate Institute, on or after September 15th, 1887.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Failles of all varieties, especially pekins and Pompadours, will hold a prominent place this spring; but be careful ladies, not to make them full and puffed beyond moderation as to the skirts. That abomination, the tournure, has died out.

One or two small steels at the back are alone allowable below the cushion, and if we may prophecy from present tendencies, even these will be out of date a few months hence, and the cushion alone will be permissible to support the weight of skirt and draperies, to prevent the latter dragging downwards or hanging badly.

As to draperies, they are superseded by plain panelled skirts; yet there is an inexhaustible supply of more or less beautiful draperies, which seem to be more in favor than ever. This apparent contradiction is easily understood, for whereas, draped skirts, with long draped pleats falling from the waist, improve everybody, whether tall or short, stout or slim; it must be owned that redingote panels and straight, severe skirts, while they are of unsurpassed elegance when well carried, need a finely shaped figure.

It is no exaggeration to state that a stout, stumpy, or scraggy figure looks very bad in their severe folds.

The redingote form of dress, then, is in favor with ladies of fine presence and elegant form. Sometimes the skirts or basques are cut in one with the bodice, or they can be added, sewn to a short pointed corsage. The first method needs exquisite cut and fit, and are only turned out satisfactorily by first-class hands.

But how elegant they are, for day and evening wear, the long redingote panels slightly draped at the back to accentuate if possible their smooth, graceful sweep!

A toilette of gray cloth has a redingote with added basques open in front. The skirt is simply full, showing in front and below the redingote. The basques of the corsage part are round rather than pointed, and are quite short; the front is open to a sharp point just below the waist, edged with double cloth revers over a plastron of gray silk finely spotted with red. The high collar is covered with a band of deep silver braid.

The fronts are full beneath the revers, this fulness being held in place by a few stitches and two large and antique clasps of imitation gold or silver. The tunic is a full redingote panel on the right, sewn to the edge of corsage, drawn into a point in front by being draped up on the tournure. On the left is a redingote panel, falling quite free, and mounted with pleats into the left basque of the corsage.

The puffed skirts, held out with steels and stiff muslin almost to the dimensions of a crinoline, were at once set aside when *Parisiennes* adopted the favorite redingote pardessus which is at present the double-breasted model with two rows of buttons, made of sombre woolen material but lined with handsome satin or pekin of elegant coloring.

The back is pleated below the waist, and close-fitting above, or else the whole back is pleated, restrained at the waist by a buttoned tab of the cloth. A hood or pelerine is added, lined with blue satin. This exceedingly useful vetement is used at all times, for all occasions.

Small mantles are of rich fabrics for the demi-saison, and generally two are employed for each model, such as velvet and silk: Genoa velvet and silk embroidered with jet, gold or silver; beaded silk and plain velvet, etc.

How splendid some of the figured materials are, both for mantles and evening dresses! The Genoa velvets are works of art, spreading their graceful velvet palms and flowers on large stripes of faille and satin.

One pekin material, for evening or court trains, is a delicate eglantine pink striped faille and satin, with long trailing stripes of flowers and leaves in gold and silver, giving different effects on the silk and satin.

The corsages for ball toilettes are on the whole exceedingly pretty; but could we not put in a plea here for a little more corsage and a little less bare skin? If women only knew how very ugly the backbone is when displayed nearly to the waist, how utterly indecent it is to display bust and back absolutely devoid of covering, or covered partially in such a way that the suggestion is worse than the reality.

But the corsages (what there is of them) are certainly pretty, the pointed décolletage (when not too low) being the prettiest of all, and the most becoming. Then the draped berthe crossing in front is so exceedingly graceful.

For quite young girls, lovely ball corsages are made of soft white silk or crepe de Chine, the low oval neck finely tucked or pleated, fine vertical tucks about 2½ inches long, the fulness of which is allowed to puff out free below.

At the waist is a laced corselet or Swiss belt of white faille, or a broad belt of white ribbon. There is something very girlish and attractive in these corsages, and they make the bare neck look its best. They are generally sleeveless. Pretty as they are, they can hardly be recommended for ladies over one-and-twenty unless the lady is of slender girlish figure.

They make a slim figure look lovely, and yet a stout girl never looks better, because the fulness below the tucks may be material or figure, and the tight Swiss belt below makes the waist appear slender and delicate.

A great deal of tulle is in use for ball dresses, in one or two colors. Green and pink are frequently put together, giving a shot effect, the two tulles being kept distinct in certain parts of the dress.

A very fashionable combination is gray and primrose tulle over yellow faille, or gray tulle embroidered with primrose silk, mounted on primrose faille. The combination of gray and yellow is gaining ground daily, and innumerable reception and visiting dresses are being made of gray peau de soie, faille, or sicilienne combined with a thinner, softer fabric of a delicate yellow shade.

Few corsages are made plain, just buttoned down the centre. A plastron of some kind or other seems to be absolutely indispensable, or some corsages go further still, and have one-half entirely different to the other.

For instance, a toilette made of vervain faille-veloutine, and ciselé velvet of a darker shade, has the right side of the corsage made of faille draped *en chale* across the left side, which is of velvet and closely fitting.

In the small space in the centre of the front is a pleated plastron of pink crape finished with a high dog-collar of the velvet filled in with a pleated panel of crape in front.

For black dresses, faille or velvet, very effective panels and plastrons are of gold cloth with embroidered or brocbe designs in black, or plastrons are made of open-work jet passementerie or lace placed over red, moss or primrose moire.

Diamond pins are in favor for evening wear, the diamond-studded head being mounted on a two-pronged fork of tortoise-shell, so that they assist to keep the hair in place, and are as much for use as ornament. The same may be said of the Lilliputian combs, which are of tortoise-shell with jewelled heads; they are much used to hold stray curls or locks in place easily and naturally.

Diamond pins, shaped like butterflies, birds, flowers, etc., have a very coquettish appearance amidst well-dressed hair.

Necklaces are not much worn if the neck is plump and handsome enough to go unadorned, but when one is requisite it has to be a costly one to accompany such ball toilettes as married ladies are wearing now.

Odds and Ends.

SOME HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

The rarest accomplishment any woman can learn is the art of good nursing, which may be called for any day, or although wanted but once in a lifetime, may then be the saving of the most precious life in the world.

The happening of the unexpected is seldom more dreadful than it was to the holiday party of students climbing a mountain, when one slipped and fell, breaking a flask in his pocket, and cutting an artery in the arm. A dangerous wound, yet one to be promptly held in check by a handkerchief knotted tightly an inch from the hurt, between it and the heart.

Yet not one of the company or guides knew this simple relief, and they had the agony of seeing their friend bleed to death before he could be moved for help.

All sickness, however trifling it seems, is a sign that the strength is lowered which resists the strain of living, and mere discomforts, which we do not feel when well, wear on the tired system, and exhaust its lessened vitality, when it cannot afford to lose another atom.

The first sign of pneumonia or fever is the sense of chilliness; were this disregarded the case would soon be past remedy. How many nervous headaches have run into brain fever for want of shaded light and quiet sleep! How many gastric ailments have worn down a patient's strength, just because the right food was not ready at the right moment, to recruit the little force left!

How many persons have tossed sleepless all night, each fainting muscle on a strain, and the pulses throbbing with uneasy torment, because a willing, unskilful nurse did not know how to make the bed right! And this is so important, and so far from being understood, that it should be the first lesson in house nursing.

Usually the first thing an acute university-bred doctor has to teach a home nurse, who has made beds all her life, is how to lay the pillows for a sick person. To support head and shoulders without the hollow at the neck, which strains the back sorely, have a thin hair pillow, half under the shoulder blades, and a firm, smooth feather pillow half over it, if desired for the head, drawn back from the edge of this—not one on top of the other, like a pile of books.

A good bed and well-laid pillows distribute the weight of the body, for the best chance of rest, when a pillow wrong will throw everything into strain. In fever or headache, with flushed face, the patient will prefer the head high, on a gradual slope from the shoulders up.

In weakness and exhaustion, with pale face, the patient feels better on a level; and a flat pillow under the shoulders, and a moderate sized one, still firm and well filled, not flaboy, will be a relief. A pillow under the head of the mattress is sometimes the easiest thing.

Remember, in case of faintness, with pale face and lips, always put a person's head down, that the blood may flow from the exhausted heart to the brain.

In case of flushed face, or insensibility from rush of blood to the head, or apoplexy, keep the head high—as near a sitting posture as may be. These simple rules are invaluable in a fainting fit, when a change of posture in a moment is all that lies between one and death.

The best bed for sickness, in the best hospitals, is the iron bedstead, three feet wide, and higher than common, convenient for moving and caring for the patient without the stooping which wastes a nurse's strength.

A wider bed is much harder to move the patient on, as it requires so much stretching and straining. The regulation hospital bed has the woven wire bottom, with a light, three-inch chair mattress over it; and no beds in the world are softer, or yield so perfectly to an aching frame. A thin mattress is easier to air, turn and cleanse than our heavy ordinary ones.

In long sickness, it is well to have two mattresses in use, leaving one out of doors all day to air, and changing the next morning. The refreshment, the positive gain, such changes make to a patient, cannot be measured.

A rubber cloth goes next to the mattress, and old blanket over the rubber, under the sheet, that the rubber may not chill the person. Now for the art of keeping the sheet without wrinkles, which fret the flesh of patients condemned to lie in bed, often causing inflamed ridges and sores:

Spread the sheet tight and smooth as hands can make it; then, with large safety pins, fasten it by the corners to the under side of the mattress, putting a pin or two midway of the four sides.

All the tossing of the day cannot disturb the smoothness of a sheet so pinned. The top sheet should be pinned at the foot to keep it from pulling up, and the bedclothes be long enough to tuck a quarter of a yard under the mattress, or the patient's feet will come uncovered in moving about. A draw sheet, that is, a sheet folded lengthwise, should be laid across the bed so as to come under the hips of the patient, and be folded and pinned under the mattress.

This is very useful in keeping the bed clean, and in moving a heavy person—one end unpinned and brought over the body, with a steady pull, will turn with ease what else would strain the nurse's strength, which we cannot be too careful not to tax unnecessarily.

When one is too sick to have the bed made, it is comparatively easy to slip a clean draw sheet in place; and fomentations, poultices and other appliances of sickness, make a tidy bed impossible without some such contriving.

A PHYSICIAN, illustrating the evil custom of talking to an invalid about his pains, says that once he requested a mother to mark a stroke upon a paper each time that she asked a sick daughter how she was. The next day, to her astonishment, she made one hundred and nine strokes. A three months' visit away from home was prescribed.

SUSPICIONS among thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly to twilight; they are to be repressed, or, at least, well guarded, for they cloud the mind.

Confidential Correspondents.

H. TAYLOR.—You can clean your copper coins by rubbing them well with whiting and then polishing them with wash-leather.

POLWYN.—Ethics is the doctrine of manners, or science of philosophy, which teaches men their duty and the springs and principles of human conduct.

T. R.—The difference between a wax candle and a rushlight is this—that whereas the wick of the candle is flaxen or cotton, that of the rushlight is made of dried peeled rushes.

SIXTH.—1. A "straw bid" is a bid for a contract which the bidder is unable or unwilling to fulfil. 2. "Straw bail" is worthless bail given by persons who pretend to the possession of property, but have none.

FRANCIS.—In cases where taxes are paid on dogs their owners are entitled to all the rights and privileges in relation to the same as in other cases of personal property. Of course any person who should steal such dogs would be liable to prosecution.

R. HASTINGS.—It is quite possible that life playing might bring on bleeding from the nose. In that case the common-sense line of treatment is to discontinue playing the instrument. The application of cold to the nose by ice or a sponge will arrest the bleeding in most cases.

NELSON.—If you want to make an indiarubber stamp, we should advise you to dissolve your caoutchouc in benzole, and cast it all in a mould. 2. Another good solvent for indiarubber is benzine. It may also be dissolved in sulphide of carbon, ether, naphtha, spirits of turpentine, or chloroform.

PAPER. — The earliest publication of sheets of daily events was in Venice, during the war with the Turks in Dalmatia in 1563. These were written on sheets, and read daily at a certain place to all who cared to hear them. Copies, bound in volumes, of these MSS. may be seen in one of the museums of Florence.

BIRDCATCHER.—Birdlime can be made by boiling linseed oil over a slow fire, stirring it well with a stick the while until it thickens as much as required. This will be known by cooling the stick in water and trying it with the fingers. Then pour it into cold water. It can be brought back to the consistency required with a little archangel tar.

S. T.—One origin of the saying, "He's gone to Jericho," it is said, originated with Henry VIII. He was in the habit of staying at an estate situate at Blackmore, in Essex. The Manor House of Blackmore was called Jericho; so when King Henry VIII. was there the phrase among his courtiers was, "He was gone to Jericho." Hence the proverb or saying.

JU MI.—The miserable peculiarity of cases like yours is that you must risk a certain amount of unhappiness no matter which course you take. If you remain single, you will have many regrets; if you marry a man whom you merely esteem, you will often have secret misgivings and hours of melancholy. We are always in favor of making the best of life; and we think that the balance of happiness will be on your side if you marry.

DUBITAS.—The proportions most suitable for making ordinary black writing ink, and on which the most dependence can be placed, are the following: To one pound of bruised galls add one gallon of boiling water and five ounces and a half of sulphate of iron in solution; also about half a dozen bruised cloves and three ounces of dissolved gum arabic. The galls should be allowed to macerate for at least twenty-four hours; then be strained and mixed with the other ingredients.

FLOCK.—Of course you have to learn to draw before you begin to paint, just as you have to learn the alphabet before you begin to read. It is impossible to say how long it would take "to thoroughly master freehand drawing, giving an hour a day to it." But if your friend fancies he can become a professional artist by giving only an hour daily to art study, he is altogether out of his reckoning. If it requires an apprenticeship to learn how to cobble boots and shoes, an hour's study a day can hardly be sufficient for learning to paint pictures.

A. B. C.—Answers to the four inquiries you make: 1. Who was Queen Pomare in French literature. 2. Who was the original of Thackeray's Warrington in "Pendennis." 3. Who was Eustace the "Monk," and 4. "Will what Saint may Mother Hubbard be identified and why?" are not to be found in any common works of reference. It might require searching hundreds of books before finding the needed information. Reference to Thackeray's published letters, might explain Question 3, and The Lives of the Saints may make 3 and 4 clear. Possibly the particular lives of St. Eustace and St. Hubert might hold the key to the secret. Queen Pomare we have never met in any literature, French or otherwise.

W. S.—According to the Old Style of reckoning time there was a gain of several minutes every year. Pope Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar by retrenching ten days in October, 1582, in order to bring back the vernal equinox to the same day on which it fell during the Council of Nice, in the year 325. This reformation was adopted by Act of Parliament in Great Britain, and thence by the American Colonies in 1751, by which Act eleven days in September, 1752, were retrenched, and the third day of the month was reckoned the fourteenth. This mode of reckoning, which dates from that time, is called the New Style. The difference in reckoning between the two styles is eleven days—that is to say, a date which would be July 4th, Old Style, would be July 15th, New Style, and so on.

F. DAVIES.—The process you are pleased to term "testing" gold and silver are some of the most refined and delicate operations in the whole of analytical chemistry. You can no more be told how to perform such operations than you can be told how to play the violin, paint a picture, or dance on the tight-rope. Years of study and practice are required before such arts can be followed with success. Of course the mere use of the eyes and nose will tell you whether an object is brass or gold, tin or silver. Most of the common acids also discover brass and alloys and do not attack gold; but of late years an alloy of copper, platinum, and gold called "mystery" has been used which no one but an expert chemist can detect, and even he cannot in a moment. Pawnbrokers and others should therefore be very cautious in buying so-called gold articles.